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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Ruhen in Australian Air Force uniform. He made the last raid on Hitler's mountain hide-out

OLAF RUHEN, the author of *The Girl Of Crocodile River* on page 7, has hunted crocodiles himself in a varied career which has taken him from sheep farm worker and unsuccessful gold prospector to journalist and successful author.

Ruhen, who is tall, with a weatherbeaten face and a clipped way of speaking, now lives in a house overlooking Sydney Harbour with his wife Claire, their seventeen-year-old son Carl, and a dachshund. He was born in New Zealand in 1912 and "had twenty-six jobs in four years before losing count." For more than six years he was a deep-sea fisherman, rising from deckhand to skipper. After his vessel was wrecked he returned to the bush before drifting into journalism.

"The idea for the opening incident in my story came from a very gentle, mild-mannered man I met when I was a pilot in the Australian Air Force," he says. "He had a liking for swimming in the billabongs of the Northern Territory, which are mostly crowded with large crocodiles, and he would first dive in and swim across very rapidly; if a croc showed up, he didn't swim any more. 'I'm rather nervous about crocodiles,' he told me."

THE background for Garnett Radcliffe's short story on page 27 was gathered when he served with the Aden Protectorate Levies in South Arabia during the war. "The story is fictitious, but the local colour and detail are not," he says. "The Levies were one of the most colourful and interesting forces I have served with."

He has served with several in his fifty-seven years. The first was the Indian Army, which he joined in 1917 after Sandhurst. When the first World War ended he moved to the North-West Frontier, and then he was with the British Army in Egypt, Mesopotamia and again in India. Next, he joined the R.A.F. He wrote in spare moments, and in 1926 he left the Service to devote all his time to fiction. "Between 1924 and 1939 I wrote about a dozen thrillers."

In the second World War he joined the R.A.F. Regiment, and was seconded to the Aden Levies. Now he works for the Ministry of Education, and he and his wife live quietly in Kensington.

"Walking and reading are my favourite pursuits," he says. "I prefer chatting over a glass of beer to the more organized forms of entertainment. Three wars—including the Third Afghan War of 1919—and being twice married have taught me the virtue of taking things as they come."

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NAME
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Free Speech

- **Parents are the best judges**
- **Brainwork brings baldness**
- **Heroes of the telephone poles**

MORE magistrates than ever seem to take the romantic view that "true love will find a way," and allow children to marry regardless of their parents' wishes.

They have the support of some psychologists and doctors, and of many welfare workers disillusioned by the number of "well-founded" marriages that have come to grief.

But I believe the root of much unhappiness lies in the breakdown of respect for parental advice, which encourages the young to make judgments for which they are not mature enough.

Magistrates ought to fight, not encourage, this trend.—P. THOMPSON, Grantham, Lincolnshire.

Homely Perfume

Edwin O. Hector certainly understands the countryman's love of home ("Winter Journey," JOHN BULL, January 14).

Once, when I had time to spare before catching a train north, I went into the perfume department in a West End store. My tongue betrayed me, and the girl assistant said, "Are ye gannen hame, hinny?"

When I said "Aye," she said: "I've been down here ten years, and oh, how I wish I was going back with you! If only I could smell mother's girdle cakes. . . ."

A strange desire, amid those exotic perfumes.—L. B., Durham.

Worried Smooth

The wearing of hats for long periods is often said to cause baldness. If there is any truth in this, members of the legal profession, who sometimes

wear wigs, should be the baldest of all people.—MRS. S. CONWAY, Daventry, Northants.

"The first World War, when men wore helmets for days on end, gave rise to the idea that hats affect hair growth," says an expert. "But this has not been proved. It is broadly true that inherently sensitive people, or people in professions which call for a great deal of brain-work, are more likely to go bald. Nervous tension causes hair to fall, and many lawyers start to go bald in their student days, even before they are entitled to wear a wig."

Tiger Trouble

In real life, the children in "Night of the Tiger" (JOHN BULL, January 7) would have been killed. A tiger is not cowardly, never tries to dodge, and will kill for the joy of it. The one in the story must have suffered from nervous debility.—R. CLARK, Hucknall, Notts.

"Tigers will not kill for the sake of it," says Norah Burke. "I have known them ignore domestic animals and deer when they were not in need of food. Both my father and my mother shot many tigers, and I lived with them in the jungle for most of my childhood. I remember a tiger roaring round our camp one night. But he did not attack, nor did we expect him to do so."

Crab Cars

If cars were made with a control to allow the wheel axis to turn, when necessary, through 180 deg. they could travel sideways. This would facilitate parking close to kerbs in congested traffic.—P. J. RICHARDS, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Small wheeled platforms are on sale to swing awkwardly parked cars into a suitable drive-away position. No serious attempt has been announced to design private cars that can travel like crabs. "Far easier—and far less costly—to provide adequate parking spaces away from roads," says a motor trade official.

Education Riddle

Sometimes our educational system amazes me. As a teacher of a backward class in a school which is regarded as modern and up to date, I have to watch my pupils struggle with problems and exercises which, to them, are fantastically difficult.

The syllabus should be modified for these children. They could be learning things helpful to their future in society, rather than filling their heads with riddles. — R. B., Liverpool.

Gale Call

From the comfort of my fireside, recently, I watched a Post Office engineer battle his way in the teeth of a gale to the tops of three tall telephone poles, along an exposed cliff road.

The poles were swaying in the wind and sometimes his steel ladder was blown away. But he calmly climbed down hand over hand.

I wonder how many people, grousing about telephone delays, realize what the engineers do for them.

But isn't it time all wires went underground?—R. PIDGEON, Shakespeare Cliff, Dover.

"We have 31 million miles of telephone and telegraph line, 29 million miles of which, including most main trunk lines, already run underground," says the Post Office. "It is not possible to bury all lines, but we plan to put more miles of line underground as finance allows. After a recent storm in Lincolnshire, 130,000 man hours were needed, in the Peterborough telephone area alone, to repair damage, including 2,600 broken or uprooted poles and 6,800 faults at the subscribers' end."

Last Post

It may be true that the Royal West Kents of *The Siege* were buried where they fell ("Free Speech," January 14). But after the battles of Kohima and Imphal the dead of the Second Division were brought in from their temporary resting places in the hills, and reinterred on the site of the District Commissioner's bungalow.

A memorial was erected, and unveiled by Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, who then commanded the Fourteenth Army.

Every man in the Division gave a day's pay towards the upkeep of the cemetery.—K. J., Salford, 7.

. . . My brother, Pipe-Major A. J. Stuart, ex-Gordon Highlanders, composed a pipe tune called "Heroes of Kohima." It was recognized by the Army School of Piping, and subsequently broadcast. — A. STUART, Aberdeen.

No Reverence?

I think there are many people like myself who believe in the Ten Commandments. Evidently the B.B.C. does not.

In a recent World Theatre broadcast God's name was taken in vain about fifteen times. Is this really necessary? If a common swear word appeared in a script it would be cut out. Yet a growing stream of blasphemy is poured into our ears, via the radio, and those in authority show not the slightest concern.

Can we wonder that a generation is growing up in whom the name of God inspires no reverence? — REV. R. W. CALVERT, Yeovil, Somerset.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

FEBRUARY is the close season for youngsters' pleasures. Christmas presents lie chipped and forgotten, and spring's exciting round of outdoor things to do seems as far away as the end of term. So Father buys a puppy. As the reception committee gathers in the hall, it's three down and one to go; puppies bowl over hearts like ninepins. And it's a safe bet that Mother's misgivings will soon be skittled like everything else within reach of a playful paw. "After all," says Zelinski, "she has a good case for missing the spring cleaning this year."

Naturally beautiful the country-fresh look

Yes, it's true – the country-fresh look is the loveliest thing in years. It's the look which has swept the country – which has brought a new, radiant beauty to countless women, beauty which they never believed it was possible to possess.

Why? Because it's the *natural* look, the truly young look. Sheila Pockett, the lovely Breeze prize-winner in our illustration is a perfect example of it. Her beauty is natural, sparkling, gay – the ideal of country-freshness.

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Discover your own country-fresh beauty today. Buy a tablet of Breeze, revel in its new delightful fragrance, and learn the joy of having the country-fresh look.

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These 5 blades will cost you 1/6

For 3/- you can buy a 10 blade Dispenser — no extra, you see. And it does save a lot of bother unwrapping blades.

The Girl of Crocodile River

by ***OLAF RUHEN***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

She was as fearless as these monsters. To win her, a man must swim through the jaws of death

ANNABELLE LUCY steered the estate car away from the barely visible tracks that she called a road. "And here," she said to David Riccarby, "is where we swim—if we swim."

"It looks wonderful," he said. "I can hardly wait."

The words were bounced out of him as the car careered down an irregular slope, took a wide sweep over the edge of what in flood time was a gravelled river bank, and finally, after making a few despairing plunges over a group of exposed tree roots, came to rest in the shade of a grove of river oaks.

The swimming hole briefly indicated by Annabelle Lucy lay in the bend of a watercourse, and even on a cooler day it would have made a pretty picture. The yellow flowers of the wild hibiscus crowded down to it upon the nearer shingle. At the other end of the water there were high reeds, with the wild ducks swimming about, and between the reeds and the beach at hand the surface was covered with the foot-wide flowers of rose-red water lilies.

Annabelle Lucy was out of the car in an instant, and in another instant she had wriggled out of the unnecessary parts of her sun dress and appeared in a swim suit of an admirable adequacy astonishing only for the economy with which it was achieved.

She began running towards the water before David was properly clear of the car.

"Wait for me!" he called, and she stopped.

"Don't you dare come in, David Riccarby," she yelled, "before I come back!"

A little disgruntled, he sat down and watched while she ran round a rough, precipitous path that took her to the other side of the deep water. Arrived there, she picked her way carefully among the shrubs and fallen timber, running out finally on the trunk of a log that lay half in the water at the fringe of the lily beds. And David thought he had never seen anything more beautiful.

For Annabelle Lucy was as smooth and slim and graceful as a yearling filly. Her deep-tan skin was bright in the sunlight, and her wild hair as enticing as a scented garden. And as he watched her, David deliberately forgot her warning and called out again.

"Wait for me!" he called. "I'm coming!"

"Don't you!" she answered. "You stop there!" With which she put her arms above her

The canoe rocked dangerously. She was shocked by what she had seen. . . . In a moment he was close to her

head and dived, and cut the water as clean as a gannet, and immediately, with a fast racing stroke, headed for the nearer shore. She came out of the water at a run, and David walked down the slope to meet her.

"Well, that's that," she was saying in a matter-of-fact tone. "We're out of luck. No swimming today."

"No what?" he said, dismayed.

"Look, crocodiles!" said Annabelle Lucy. "Look there! And there!"

Across the pond there was an acute vee of ripples, and at its apex two raised humps which David could see at once formed a crocodile's eye structure. There was another such formation near the farther bank, where Annabelle Lucy had dived from the log.

"Crocodiles!" said David. "But you went in!" His voice was incredulous.

"Naturally," said Annabelle Lucy. "It's only sensible to find out if there are crocodiles before you go swimming. So, if you swim across fast, they get to know you are there and they come up to the surface to find what gives. So then you see them, and you know not to go swimming. It's very simple."

"But are they dangerous?" he asked.

"The one in the centre's big enough to do some damage," said Annabelle Lucy judiciously. "The one near the log's only a six-footer—he wouldn't hurt anything much. But the big one downstream looks like a twenty-footer to me. He wouldn't take two bites for the pair of us."

"Oh!" said David. He looked where she pointed, and had the impression that he saw some great bulk losing itself below the water. "Oh, dear!"

"And I wouldn't keep on standing there, if I were you," added Annabelle Lucy, helping herself to a towel from the back of the car's seat. "They'll come right out of the water for you, you know. They'd consider you a sitting shot."

Later, when David grabbed the used plates and cups after they had eaten and began to walk with them towards the water, she called him back.

"Take the bucket and wash the things well back from the bank," she said. "And don't get the water where I got it, at the inflow. Go farther up the creek."

He stopped. "Would you mind explaining why?"

"Well, they're a bit cunning——"

"'They' being crocodiles?"

"Sure, crocs. Never do the same thing twice at the same place in crocodile waters. First time, they'll take notice. Second time they study you. And third or fourth time they have it all doped out what you are going to do next; and if they're right, where are you? And some day you're going to strike an educated crocodile that won't need telling twice."

DAVID dropped on one knee and looked searchingly into Annabelle Lucy's eyes, an attitude which on normal occasions he found very pleasant indeed.

"You're making this up," he accused. "Crocodiles aren't so bad as all that."

"No?" she asked. She pointed a graceful finger at the water. "Look," she said. Two tiny bumps broke the surface a little way from the bank. "That one's watching us now. He's been watching us all through lunch. And so, I bet, have the others, only they've managed to keep themselves out of sight. It wouldn't, for instance, be a bright idea to camp here tonight. They're good students, all the time trying to learn. And what they like to study is meat, and we're it. By the time they've reached the size of that fellow, they've learned a lot. They don't grow very fast. . . . I'll get the water, if you like."

David shook his head, stood up and took the bucket from the back of the car. He thought how much more pleasant it was to teach a girl like Annabelle Lucy than to take lessons from her. He was teaching her to use water colours, and enjoying it immensely. But his pupil was a very different girl from this Amazon-brained wench who was so callous about crocodiles. And it was only the fact that he imagined her watching him that took him to the edge of the creek above the pool. The water was rippling here, and quite shallow, but at every step he searched the surface, not quite knowing what it was he was looking for, but ready to jump to a good running start if he saw anything.

When the dishes were washed, the afternoon of painting instruction passed pleasantly enough, David's only further complaint with his pupil—and that unspoken—being centred on a regrettable tendency she had to keep talking about Tom Marshall, another newcomer to the Australian north, and a friend of her brother's.

He resented it when she said: "And he's not at all like you, David. He's not at all nervous about crocodiles."

AND he was even less pleased when, after they had returned to Annabelle Lucy's home in the little northern township, he found that her brother, Wason, had brought Tom Marshall home to be, like David, a guest for dinner.

Marshall filled his clothes to advantage. He was a big man, with broad shoulders. He was handsome, too, in a massive way. He had the contempt of the man of action for the kind of attainments David admired, and once or twice, in conversation, David was almost trapped into a sharp-toned reciprocity.

Inevitably the subject of crocodiles was introduced again—some question about that afternoon's swimming.

"Say, why don't we go shoot some?" asked Marshall. "Good sport, isn't it?"

"There's good money in it," said Wason, who had, as David had noticed before, a very practical streak in him. "You might pay for your holiday. Some of the fellows shoot for three months and then spend six in Sydney on the proceeds."

"But—good sport?" asked Marshall.

"Yes," Wason said. "We could go tomorrow—we could go tonight for that matter. I've got all the gear, and it will take no getting ready." He turned to Riccarby. "How about you, David?"

David shook his head. "Count me out," he said. "I'm not much of a hand at shooting."

"You'll need a third," said Annabelle Lucy quickly. "One for the rifle, one for the harpoon and one for the torch."

"No, two will do," said Wason. "That's if you're sure you don't want to be in it, David? It can be quite an experience, you know."

"Not me," said David. He had a distaste for shooting live game of any kind, although he did not believe the big crocs deserved much sympathy.

"You shouldn't, Wason," said Annabelle Lucy. "Without a good torch-man, it isn't safe. Suppose I come?"

"You stay at home, sis," her brother answered. He got up and walked over to the door, patting her on the head as he went. "Come and see what we have," he said over his shoulder to Marshall.

Tom Marshall went out with him, and there was a rather uneasy silence.

"I suppose I could go, if a third is really necessary," David offered.

Annabelle Lucy looked up at him levelly. "It might be just as well not to," she said. "If you don't like crocs, you don't. And it's only a small canoe. If you were to get nervous——"

She didn't finish the sentence, but she left no doubt that she couldn't conceive of nervousness in her brother or in Marshall.

David flushed. Then there was a thumping of gear being dropped on the boards of the veranda, and they went out to watch the preparations.

These were not complicated. There was only one rifle, a heavy service .303, and a long flashlight, two canoe paddles and a harpoon. This consisted of a shaft attached to a barbed iron head that was connected to a length of light wire. It was not intended for making fast to a living crocodile, but a reptile shot in the water would sink within seconds if he were not immediately harpooned.

Marshall gave a cry of relief

"We'll go up the west branch and turn into the swamps at Cooper's Arm," Wason said. "We'll go up a couple of miles, and then draw all the channels to the north side. There's a good moon till morning. We should be back about three o'clock, though."

"O.K.," said Annabelle Lucy. "Well, good hunting, and don't be late."

"There's tomorrow's dance," said Tom. "I'll have to get back and get my day's sleep before I take you."

"Well, I haven't promised," said Annabelle Lucy. But she smiled.

David was glad to see them go, but the evening was a failure for him just the same, as far

from his perch above the crocodile's nest. "Where's Wason?" Annabelle called

as it was measured in terms of arousing any interest in Annabelle Lucy. In three weeks the only thing he had found to interest her was his painting, and he was beginning to wonder whether he possessed any other qualities to attract her. He had never felt about a girl that way.

In the canoe, Wason was thinking about him. "A nice fellow—David," he said.

"Who? Oh, that artist fellow!" Tom said. "Yes, a good bloke. A bit milk and water, I thought."

"He's got a head on him. There was something about him in the paper a while before he came up here. Something about his paintings."

"Don't follow that sort of thing much," Tom said. "Never been interested in it. . . . What's that over there? Is that one?"

"A riffle in the current," Wason said.

Tom Marshall swung the powerful flashlight over, but it only laid a track across the water. The canoe was a tiny dot in the broad, shallow river. It was short, and made of metal, wide enough to seat them comfortably with a little to spare. Wason sat aft and, as Marshall dropped his paddle to operate the flashlight, he adjusted the steering with a twist on his own blade.

A nankeen heron rose and flapped steadily overhead. As the moon's light strengthened, trees and islands came into strong silhouette, and the gleam of it dripped from the paddle blades like cold fire.

They kept moving steadily along until, at a point that seemed to be indistinct from the remainder of the river, Wason steered the canoe towards the trees on the bank. As they came up on it, Marshall realized that the illusion of a bank was given by the mangroves, which here converged from both sides of the entrance to a large body of water. Higher up on the new arm thus disclosed, the trees retreated, leaving them on a broad, muddy stretch that resembled a lake. Wason steered the canoe toward the right bank and warned Marshall to stop paddling. Marshall produced the torch.

Almost immediately the beam picked up two ruby reflections of light at the surface, perhaps thirty yards away. They were the eyes of a crocodile, glowing like live coals.

Wason spoke quietly, "Pick up the rifle, cock it, keep it on him. I'll take the canoe in. Hand me the torch, but keep it on him while you're doing it. Don't fire until I give you the word. Here's what will happen: as soon as you fire, I'll drop the torch and use the harpoon. So you'll lose your light and your balance together. So lay down the rifle as soon as you fire, and grab for the gunwales. I'll yell 'Fire' just as he starts to run, and you get him in the neck below and behind the eyes."

"O.K.," said Marshall. He was excited, his nerve ends jangling with all the instinctive warnings with which the body approaches a new experience. But his voice was cool enough, as Wason noted approvingly.

"He's not big, but he'll do for first blood," Wason said aloud.

The crocodile, apparently, took no warning. The eyes stayed immobile. Marshall, sitting square and concentrated with rifle raised, wondered how Wason could keep the light concentrated and also guide the canoe under manoeuvre. Now they were almost on the crocodile and he could see the two lumps that contained its eyes, a length of jaw and a hazy underwater impression of its bulk.

When they had lessened the distance to a matter of a few feet, the stiffening tension burst as Wason cried, "Fire!" and the crocodile, the rifle, the canoe and the two men leaped into action together. The paddle clattered on the floorboards and the harpoon struck as the crocodile made a galvanic leap and the torchlight swung wild.

"You beaut!" Wason exulted, but calmly. He still held the shaft of the harpoon, and Marshall could see the beast practically immobile at the end of it. "A professional couldn't have done better."

"Couldn't have missed at that range," said Marshall. "Nothing to it." But he felt a warm glow of satisfaction just the same. "Is it a big one? It looks like it," he said.

"No, he's a little fellow, this. Not too big, anyway."

With the crocodile still in the water, they paddled out to a sandbar in the open reach, and here Wason pulled the big reptile up on the mud. It was about seven feet long, slim and evil, but even at that size it carried an impression of power. Wason pointed out the lower teeth that pierced the upper jaw, and the curious slits that many native people swear are spare eyes, open and aware when the regular eyes are closed in sleep.

"The yarn could be true, at that," commented Wason. "It's a fact that you can never sneak up on them except at night, when the light holds them."

Marshall had expected they would turn the canoe for home, but Wason shook his head. "It's early yet," he said. "We'll try for a decent one. Have to get right up to the top, I suppose, after that shot has frightened them all off."

When they neared the bank again, Wason shone the torch from time to time, without result.

Once, in a grassy place, the beam showed up a roughly flat-topped dome structure like a massive, low-based anthill. It was difficult to see, except from one angle by the water, being almost entirely concealed by low bushes which grew between it and the nearby bank. Wason played the torch beam about it for several minutes.

"A nest," he said. "There's a crocodile about here somewhere, and she's savage. Never take any risks near one of those."

"Savage?"

"If a bull crocodile gets a chance at that nest, he'll eat the eggs or the youngsters. That's

Continued on page 29

How Canklow beat the poison

by DON EVERITT

The mysterious illness cut through a suburb and claimed two lives. It was tracked to the family fireside

"Find out who burns the batteries and tell them not to burn any more," Eastwood told his staff of inspectors. The team knew that some of the answers were lies

ON November 21, 1954, a boy of five, Leonard Barraclough, died in Doncaster Gate Hospital, Rotherham. A post-mortem examination resulted in a diagnosis of severe jaundice. Within a few days, three young cousins of the dead boy felt ill. No one linked the illnesses. On December 12, the Moorgate General Hospital at Rotherham admitted one of the cousins, Kenneth Bailey, a three-year-old twin, with a severe mental disturbance. Two days later, his distracted parents took him back home.

The next day, December 15, the Baileys' two-year-old son, James, died in the Doncaster Gate Hospital of a condition attributed at a post-mortem examination to epilepsy.

Even before the funeral, the Baileys' family doctor had sent Kenneth Bailey, this time with his twin brother, Keith, into the Children's Hospital at Sheffield. The doctor had now provisionally diagnosed in the twins an acute form of poisoning known as lead encephalopathy.

Late on the afternoon of Monday, December 20, a doctor at the Sheffield hospital telephoned the then medical officer of health at Rotherham, Dr. Joseph Adrian Gillet, to report that the boys did indeed have lead poisoning. He also pointed out that the dead brother, Jimmy Bailey, had shown symptoms similar to those from which the twins now suffered.

Early the next morning, Gillet telephoned the Bailey's doctor to learn something of the family's medical and social background, then took his chief sanitary inspector, Leonard Eastwood, and the area health visitor, Mabel Knowles, to investigate the household.

The Bailey and Barraclough families live on a council estate, built about twenty years ago, in the Canklow district of Rotherham. Their maternal parents, Henry and Frances Edwards, live on the same estate.

On the way there, Mrs. Knowles and Eastwood told Gillet all that they knew about the sanitary and personal habits of the people in the district. As the car drew up at the Bailey house, Mrs. Knowles mentioned that some families on the estate who could not afford coal or could not eke out their fuel ration burned old batteries.

"What sort of batteries?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, old batteries from cars and lorries. There's a scrap dealer who sells the casings after he's taken out the lead."

The Baileys had gone out.

Gillet drove round the corner to the Edwards's, where, according to the family doctor and the health visitor, the Bailey and the Barraclough children spent a lot of time.

Mrs. Edwards allowed them to search the house. Gillet and Eastwood at once noticed part of a battery casing burning in the living-room grate. In both indoor and outdoor fuel stores, they found stocks of broken casings. From one of them, the inspector flaked off deposits left by the chemical action of the battery. "This stuff would tread everywhere," the inspector said.

Taking nothing for granted, the doctor and the inspector scoured the house for fresh or damaged paintwork, for lead toys and other sources of lead. They found none.

Gillet examined Mrs. Edwards, along with an adult son and a married daughter and her baby who were in the house. The grandmother was anaemic and complained of a metallic taste in her mouth; the son had a suspicious-looking blue line on his gums.

Mrs. Edwards said that, like the Baileys and many of her neighbours, she had burned the casings for several months; she admitted that the children played with them.

"Mrs. Edwards," said Gillet, "I'm certain that the casings have made your grandchildren ill. You must not burn any more and you must tell your daughter and your neighbours to stop burning them. They are highly dangerous."

With samples of the casings and of the ash from the living room grate, Gillet, Eastwood and Mrs. Knowles hurried back to the public health department. If all Canklow burned the casings, Gillet's staff had to act quickly. In the next few days, even hours, more children would succumb to the slow, insidious poison.

PHYSICIANS have recognized lead as a dangerous metal since men first found uses for it. Nearly four centuries before Christ, Hippocrates mentioned lead as a perverse cause of poisoning. Today, it continues to poison people in strange and unsuspected ways.

In London recently, a boy aged two made himself seriously ill by persistently gnawing lead-covered telephone wires on the balcony of his home. Lead acetate dressings poisoned a woman with skin disease. Curry powder containing lead chromate poisoned people. Toys and cribs accounted for many cases of poisoning until manufacturers stopped using lead paints.

Lead is a cumulative poison. In microscopic amounts, it exists naturally in every man's daily food and drink. It harms him only in excess. If he absorbs or inhales more than his body can cope with, the lead accumulates and affects his blood, his bones and sometimes his brain cells. The poisoning process may take weeks, months, or even years.

In children, lead poisoning often affects the

Sanitary inspector Leonard Eastwood (right) at the scrapyard which supplied the deadly battery casings. People tried to buy them even when it was known that they could kill

Ambulances took children to hospital for blood tests. In youngsters, lead poisoning can be particularly dangerous

A doctor looks for the tell-tale bluish line along a child's gums. Lead poisoning is difficult to diagnose

central nervous system causing convulsions, delirium, even acute mania, blindness and death. The mental symptoms yield only slowly to treatment. The poison has a severe effect on mental development. Of twenty children who recovered from lead poisoning in an American outbreak, only one made satisfactory progress at school. The long-term effects of lead-poisoning, said a *Lancet* editorial, can be disastrous.

The detection of the poisoning in the Bailey twins by the Rotherham doctor called for the highest clinical acumen, for the disorder is most difficult to diagnose. The evidence is all circumstantial, though some patients do develop two useful clues: a curious greyish pallor; and, along the gums, a bluish line caused by fine granules of lead sulphate.

When Gillet and his colleagues got back to the health department, the medical officer immediately telephoned the chief constable. Within an hour, a police loudspeaker car was touring the Canklow district, broadcasting the warning: "Do not burn any more car batteries. They are dangerous and can poison you."

Meanwhile, Leonard Eastwood, the chief sanitary inspector, sent the casing and ash samples to the public analyst, then called the scrap dealer who sold the battery casings and told him the story so far. The dealer confirmed that countless people bought the casings. He agreed to supply no more.

By now, Dr. Gillet had telephoned the child health specialist attached to the two Rotherham hospitals, and had heard for the first time about the death of Leonard Barraclough on November 21. It now seemed likely that he had died not from jaundice but from lead poisoning.

The specialist also told Gillet that the dead boy's two brothers, Roy Barraclough, aged twenty months, and Alan, seven years old, had attended his outpatient department for symptoms which, in the light of present events, looked highly suspicious. The medical officer undertook to get the boys to Moorgate General Hospital as quickly as possible. It turned out that both had lead poisoning. The Sheffield Children's Hospital had meantime admitted its third case, a twenty-month-old baby, from another household on the Canklow estate.

By the late afternoon, the public analyst reported that the deposit in the battery casing sample was almost entirely lead sulphate.

That evening, foot-weary sanitary inspectors, who had called on every one of Canklow's nine hundred families, returned to the health department with a variety of disquieting facts. They had so far found seventy children and forty to fifty adults in twenty-two houses who had been exposed to the risk of lead poisoning. Some families had used the casing for more than two years. Often, their children had collected and delivered them in sacks, wheelbarrows and perambulators. On November 5 and other occasions, local children had burned the casings on bonfires, once confined in an air-raid shelter.

Some mothers said that their children had often played with the casings. They had had to stop the younger ones sucking pieces of them.

What perturbed Dr. Gillet most was that some householders had vehemently denied burning casings, in spite of conclusive evidence from their neighbours, even in spite of the presence of the tell-tale ash in their firegrates. The doctor called a press conference.

"The people who conceal that they have burned casings are foolish," he told the reporters. "The lead gets into the bones and may lie dormant for years. In children especially, it can cause delayed mental disturbances, including fits."

THE next day, December 22, another of the Bailey children, Ruth, aged five, became the sixth victim of the epidemic. An ambulance took her to the Sheffield Children's Hospital.

Through that day, a health department van toured Canklow and collected three tons of battery casings and ash.

Dr. Gillet's newspaper warning worked wonders. It brought to the health department a stream of people who had suffered from lapses of memory when the sanitary inspectors called. Now they remembered that they *had* burned casing. The total number of people open to the risk rose to 127 children and 123 adults.

That evening, the five medical officers and six health visitors of the health department spent more than five hours in Canklow examining the adult contacts. They found fifty-five with suspicious signs, such as anaemia, and referred them for clinical examination to the Moorgate General Hospital.

On Christmas Eve, the Sheffield hospital admitted two more victims, boys of seven years and twenty months, and also accepted from the Moorgate hospital the two Barraclough children to give them the advantage of treatment with a new American drug, calcium disodium versenate.

The blood tests and further examinations brought a rush of new cases. By New Year's Eve, nineteen child victims of the epidemic lay in the Sheffield and Rotherham hospitals.

On January 6, the Rotherham coroner issued an order for the exhumation of Leonard Barraclough and James Bailey, so that the pathologist could carry out fresh post-mortem examinations in the light of the new evidence.

At the same time, the health department started a little investigation of its own to discover exactly how the lead had poisoned the children. Eastwood, the chief sanitary inspector, made a fire of battery casings and kept it going for seven hours.

After the fire had burned for an hour, a government alkali inspector from Sheffield collected samples of smoke from above the flames and samples of air from the room. None contained lead fumes.

Eastwood calculated that the fire would have consumed 36 lb. of casings in a fourteen-hour day. The public analyst showed that the resulting ash, the dust made when Eastwood broke the casings, and the water he used when he washed his hands afterwards contained 106.39 grams of lead.

By mid-January, the Rotherham doctors had found in Canklow a final total of fifty-five confirmed cases of lead poisoning or excessive lead absorption. Twenty lay in hospital. All the patients were under fifteen years old and all but four of them were under seven, of an age, as Dr. Gillet observed, when they would put things in their mouths.

"The youngest child affected is ten weeks old," the doctor said, "and is the proud owner of a dummy which is not an unlikely vehicle for conveying lead-contaminated ash from the floor to his mouth."

Towards the end of January, the hospitals began to discharge the first few patients to their homes. Meanwhile, the public health department arranged to supply a pint of milk free every day to convalescing children who came from needy families. In lead poisoning, milk is an excellent antidote.

On February 10, at an adjourned inquest, a jury heard a pathologist say that Leonard Barraclough and James Bailey had died from lead poisoning. They recorded a misadventure verdict and recommended that the government should stop the burning of car batteries. But it is still legal today.

No other victims died. The Sheffield Children's Hospital sent home the last patients, the Bailey twins, on February 28, last year. By then, most people in Canklow had forgotten the epidemic. One or two have since tried to buy battery casings from the scrap dealer.

He has refused to sell them. "Don't you remember that these things killed two kids around here?" THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

ISLAND IN THE SUN

by ALEC WAUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Now Jocelyn knew her father's secret. It could bring only disaster to the Fleurys

MAXWELL FLEURY was convinced that his wife, Sylvia, had a lover. The young planter, a member of one of the oldest families on the British West Indian island of Santa Marta, was consumed with jealousy. Someone had visited Sylvia secretly — someone who smoked Egyptian cigarettes. . . .

Maxwell was not the only jealous man on the island: the radical labour leader, David Boyeur, had lost his exotic girl friend, Margot Seaton, to a young white officer—Captain Denis Archer, the governor's aide-de-camp.

Maxwell's sister, Jocelyn, was jealous, too; though not with the same neurotic intensity as her brother.

She was envious of the attention that Sylvia's sister, Mavis Norman, was receiving from the governor's handsome son, Euan Templeton. Jocelyn and Mavis had met him at a Government House party soon after his arrival on Santa Marta.

The governor, Lord Templeton, had found the party a useful device for introducing a visiting American newspaper owner to members of the island's upper crust—the Europeans; those who "passed for white"; and important coloured people such as Grainger Morris, an Oxford-educated lawyer.

Maxwell Fleury's home, the Belfontaine plantation, was some miles out of Jamestown, the island's capital. Maxwell was a man tormented by his deep inferiority complex. To prove that he amounted to something, he planned to stand in the Belfontaine district as a candidate for the island's Legislative Council.

Soon after reaching this decision, Maxwell made a startling discovery: the man who smoked Egyptian cigarettes was also the man he most admired—a fellow planter named Colonel Carson. . . .

PART TWO

The Garrulous Archdeacon

SOON after Wilson P. Romer, the owner of the newspaper *Baltimore Star*, had left Santa Marta, he cabled the governor:

SENDING SANTA MARTAWARD SENIOR REPORTER CARL BRADSHAW LEAVE ABSENCE STOP REST CURE NOT ASSIGNMENT STOP APPRECIATE YOUR HELP.

The governor chuckled. Did Romer think he was a fool because he was a soldier? He handed the cable to his A.D.C.

"This is your pigeon," he said. "Show him everything, but bear in mind that everything that you say will be cabled back to Baltimore."

When Carl Bradshaw arrived, he turned out to be not at all the sort of person Archer had expected. A portable typewriter was the only indication of his calling.

Archer had booked him a room at the Continental Hotel. "His Excellency very much hopes that you will be able to dine with him tonight, Mr. Bradshaw," he said. "It won't be a late evening, but if you don't feel up to it. . . ."

"I normally take a rest between five and six. With that refreshment I find myself able to stay up till two or three in the morning," Bradshaw said, smiling.

"In that case, I'll leave you to unpack, and to your siesta. I'll call for you at a quarter to eight. Black tie."

Back at G.H., Archer slowed his pace as he passed the secretariat. He glanced into the room, and his spirits lifted. Margot was alone. She seldom was. He quickened his pace towards her door.

She looked up with a casual smile as he laid a package on her desk. It contained a length of yellow silk that he had bought at the Syrian Bazaar.

"You might be able to make yourself a dress with this," he said.

"That's very kind of you."

"When are we going to meet again?" he said.

"You are the busy one."

They had met several times since the nurses' dance, but only briefly, for a few snatched moments.

He said now: "It's maddening, this seeing you and yet not seeing you."

"I know."

"Don't your parents ever go out?" he said.

"Sometimes."

"Couldn't I see you there—at home?"

"I don't see why not."

"Next time they go out will you let me know?"

"I will."

Her eyes were looking straight into his. He had the breath-taking certainty that she would. There would be no need to pester her with questions. He was thinking fast. The party at G.H. would break up early; he would have to see some of the guests home.

"Are you going to the pictures tonight?" he asked.

"Most likely."

"Then if you do—if I can manage—I'll be parked behind the Continental. If I'm not there, don't wait."

"O.K."

His heart was thudding as he crossed to the governor's study.

CARL BRADSHAW stood at his window, looking out over the silent town. The party at Government House had broken up early but he had made a good start, he thought. He had met the governor, he had learned a good bit about the island from his dinner partner. She was Mrs. Norman, the banker's wife, and she had a daughter who had married into the Fleury family. Yes, Mrs. Norman would prove useful: she was garrulous; she was in several camps. And then there was the archdeacon—another good contact. He had arranged to have tea with the archdeacon.

Bradshaw sighed and stretched a little. From the courtyard below came the purr of a car

"The sparks might set the house on fire," she said. For Euan, the spice of danger was intensified by sharing it with this girl

engine. He craned his neck. A car drew out of the shadows and drove towards the shore. It looked very like the car in which he had been driven down. It was a quarter of an hour, at least, since he had been dropped. What on earth had the A.D.C. been doing? He must check up on this. . . .

The archdeacon surveyed his tea table with approval. Old china, a silver tray, thin-cut cucumber sandwiches, hot scones, a fruit cake.

Bradshaw looked round him. The archdeacon, he had been informed, had the best house in Jamestown.

"The Church seems to treat its archdeacon far better than the Commonwealth treats its governor," he commented.

The archdeacon chuckled. It was the kind of compliment he relished. "It is not so much the Church as the archdeacon's aunt. I was her favourite nephew."

Slowly Bradshaw worked the conversation round to the island's more general problems. "You probably see more than anyone," he said. "The people relax with you. Would you say there was any danger of Communism?"

The archdeacon shook his head. "Communism isn't a problem here; it may be in twenty years, but it isn't now. The party is too busy organizing its cells in Trinidad, Jamaica and British Guiana to worry about Santa Marta."

This information disappointed Bradshaw. He had thought there might be an article on the Communist menace as presented by British West Indians who were coming up to the States.

"What would you say is *the* issue here?" he asked.

"Colour, my dear fellow, colour! For three hundred years Europeans have been settling in these islands. There has been marriage and intermarriage and every variety of irregular alliance. We all carry in our veins blood of whose nature we have no suspicion. In England that does not matter, since our skins are white; but here where skins are brown it's a different matter. This question of colour affects every official, social and political issue."

Bradshaw was listening attentively. He was on to something now.

"It would amuse you," the archdeacon was continuing, "to know the trouble to which the patrician families put themselves to conceal what everybody knows.

"You noticed the Kellaways, for instance, at G.H. It's obvious to everyone that she has some African ancestry. But will she admit it? No, of course she won't. And the grandmother who might give away the secret is kept well out of sight, tucked away in a little villa in the hills and never allowed to come into Jamestown."

The archdeacon chuckled. The malicious side of his nature was in control. "Old parish records are most illuminating," he went on. "I

Slowly he came out of his trance. His fingers felt cramped. He stretched them, and as he did so the lifeless head fell back . . .

have derived much entertainment from tracing the genealogies of our leading families."

"I'm having cocktails with the Normans tomorrow. Is there a skeleton in that cupboard?"

The archdeacon shook his head. "Norman is a Barbadian; the French never touched Barbados, so the rule of the whites was never disturbed. The same thing happened in Antigua, where Mrs. Norman came from. Her father's a nice old boy; built the St. James Hotel. You'll probably meet him there tomorrow."

"Will you be there?"

"One of the advantages of my calling is that I have an excuse for not attending cocktail parties. Evensong is sung in the cathedral every evening at six o'clock. If ever you need an alibi, my dear fellow, there it is."

THE archdeacon was right in thinking that Mavis's grandfather would be asked to meet Carl Bradshaw. Mrs. Norman discussed the party's composition with Mavis. "We'd better ask Euan. He wasn't at G.H.," she said.

To her mother's surprise, Mavis shook her head. "Euan sees quite enough of us."

Her mother made no comment. "Who else would you suggest? Doris Kellaway?"

"She's always fun."

"We want some men."

"What about Colonel Carson?"

"Well, what about Colonel Carson?"

It was a question the elder group often asked. The colonel was too old for the younger set, yet, as a divorced man, he did not fit into the adult married group. Carson was neither one thing nor another. Though he had an estate which he was working with success, he chose to live in town, driving out every morning. He was neither a planter nor a townsman. He was a dark horse, and Santa Marta was on its guard against dark horses.

"Yes," Mrs. Norman said, "there's always Colonel Carson."

CARL BRADSHAW'S next tea engagement was with David Boyeur, the trade union leader. Boyeur, quite at ease, lounged back in a long chair, recounting the story of his rise.

"I wasn't going to live the way my parents did. My father had worked hard, passed exams, learned to be a good clerk in an office. But where did that get him? There were fifty others like him in this island alone. The pay is poor. There are no prospects. That wasn't good enough for me. No, sir!"

He stretched out his legs; his eyes rested with pleasure on his thin silk socks and his highly polished brown-and-white shoes.

"They tell me that you are running for a seat in the local parliament," Bradshaw said. "Doesn't that mean that you'll have to toe the party line?"

Boyeur laughed boastfully. "Not me. I'm an Independent. The left wing want me on their side because I've got organized labour under my thumb. They can't afford to quarrel with me."

Bradshaw nodded. He sipped his tea, helped himself to another slice of cake. Everything Boyeur said was copy. Bradshaw was alert, stimulated, impatient to get it down on paper, but after Boyeur had gone he decided that before making a start he would put in an appearance at the club.

It was a lucky decision: he found Colonel Carson and Doctor Leisching, an Austrian who had settled in Santa Marta since the war, engaged in a furious argument. The doctor, Bradshaw gathered, had made some derogatory remark about Grainger Morris, the coloured lawyer, and Carson had taken him up.

"At any rate he's a Briton," Carson was saying as the journalist arrived.

"Are you trying to insult me?" said Leisching.

"I'm telling you the truth. Every night and morning you ought to go down on your knees and thank your Maker that the British have been so magnanimous as to allow you to enjoy their laws and liberty."

"I'm a British subject."

"I know you are. But if you and your pals had had your way there'd have been no British laws and liberty for you to shelter under."

Carson's voice remained as calm and aloof as ever. He had not lost his temper. He was not drunk. He knew what he was doing. If this square-head wanted to pick a fight he could.

"I would remind you that I am not a German, that I am an Austrian."

"It suited you all right to be Germans when Hitler was winning battles. It was very different when he started losing battles, when your cities were bombed, when food ran short; then you became Austrians. I can't say I've much use for fair-weather patriots."

"Sir, that is too much," Leisching was scarlet. "In my country, when a man insults us we slap him across the face, and next morning his seconds call on us, and we fight a duel. Look at this proof of that."

He pointed to the scar on his forehead. There was a little murmur of approval. Carson rose to his feet.

"When an Englishman fights a duel, he makes a job of it."

He paused. He took a quick look round him at the circle of smug faces. What did they know about wars and Germans? He'd show them. His hands went to his belt. He undid the buckle, pulled down the zip, and his trousers fell in a pile about his feet. He turned his back upon Leisching, raised his shirt, bent slightly forward. "That's the kind of scar we carry in my country."

It was an immense wide scar; the flesh drawn and puckered, sunk in where a bone had been extracted. It was simultaneously impressive and repulsive.

"That's what we call a scar. And I got that from real Germans, from the Afrika Korps at Alamein."

He stood there for a quarter of a minute, then straightened, pulling up his trousers.

"Good night, ladies and gentlemen. I'm sorry to have had to make this exhibition."

Leaning against the veranda rails, Carl Bradshaw thanked his stars that he had had the prescience to come up that evening. . . .

A copy of the *Baltimore Star* containing Bradshaw's article arrived at Government House on the day the governor announced the new constitution. His proclamation gave full details of the new system and appointed a date for the elections.

Returning from the courthouse, where he had made the announcement to a full gathering of the Legislative Council and island notables, Lord Templeton found the newspaper among the official mail on his desk.

"I Sit On A Volcano." That was the heading across double columns.

"I sit on a volcano," he began to read, "one of the peaks of a now submerged range of mountains that curved in prehistoric days in a semicircle from the top of Florida to Venezuela. Geographically, geologically, I sit on an extinct volcano, but socially, politically, I sit on an active volcano, here on the veranda of a hotel in the charming British West Indian island of Santa Marta. I can hear its rumblings beneath me. . . .

"These are the chemical ingredients that cause those rumblings: a proletariat, ignorant and resentful, maintaining a bare level of subsistence; a small patrician class unaware of the changes that have taken place in political thought during the last twenty years, still thinking in terms of the nineteenth century. Resentment, fear, distrust, a need for revenge, these are the ingredients that create an electric inflammable atmosphere. Sooner or later there must be an explosion."

After dealing with the island's shaky economy, Bradshaw turned to the climate.

"It drives people to do things that in a cool climate they would never do. Tempers are frayed. In a second, men lose self-control. An incident took place today that proves how very near to the surface tempers are. It concerned a colonel, a career soldier now retired." The incident was recounted. "When members of the white ruling class can behave like this, is it not natural to wonder what will happen when the demagogues of an undisciplined proletariat are in control? I sit, I repeat, on a volcano."

A LUNCH party for forty guests was being held that day at Government House. "There's no need for you to come unless you want," Templeton told his son. "I suppose you are busy making plans for Carnival."

"We thought we'd go out into the country and see what it's like in the smaller villages."

"Who's we?"

"The usual crowd. Jocelyn, Mavis Norman, Doris Kellaway."

"That's a good idea," the governor said. "I should go out on Tuesday if I were you, then come back late in the evening to see the last parades. Mardi Gras is something not to miss, from all that I've been told."

He had been told, also, that there was danger of trouble during Carnival. It was the last fling before the long Lenten calm. The natives would be drinking rum for a week on end.

Colonel Whittingham, the chief of police, was one of his guests at lunch. The governor

Continued on page 35

Miss Bell trundles part of the day's rations between rows of mink cages. The meal is made of minced fish, liver and tripe

White mink—the most valuable—are Phyllida's speciality. But she doesn't own a mink coat

Phyllida farms for fashion

Mink coats don't grow on trees, but every year she raises ten of them at a time—and has them running round her feet

by DAVID MILLWOOD

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

IN March a few years ago, Phyllida Bell, a twenty-two year old blonde who runs a mink farm in Berkshire, planned to breed eight hundred mink, representing about £5,000 worth of fur. But her breeding herd refused to mate.

During the last week of the month, Miss Bell watched anxiously as the male and female mink came face to face in their wire breeding cages. On almost every occasion, the vicious little creatures eyed one another for several seconds. Then they sprang, clawing and biting at each other's precious fur.

"I was completely baffled," she says. "It had never happened before."

The reason remained a mystery until, some months later, Miss Bell read in an American fur trade magazine that any interference with minks' daylight rhythm, such as artificial lighting, upsets their mating habits.

"Then I knew what had happened. The previous winter, I had hired a man to help to prepare the feeding stuff in the evenings. We had worked with electric lights on in the mink cages between six and ten every night for three months. The result was that most of the females were ready for mating either too early in the month, too late, or not at all."

She estimates that the mistake cost her parents, who own the business, about £1,500.

Despite the setback, the Bells' mink farm is today one of the largest and most successful in the country. Last year, they bred eight hundred mink of various colours—enough to make ten full-length £3,000 coats or about a hundred mink bikinis for Diana Dors.

A strong, strapping woman who has won a number of show jumping cups and trophies, Phyllida Bell is one of six large-scale mink breeders in this country who have led the rush to cash in on the most profitable "backyard" animal business. In 1949, Britain had forty mink

Finished product. A model in a £1,895 mink coat at the National Fur Company's showroom

The champion with its trophies. Miss Bell bred the mink which was the best standard male and supreme champion at the fur breeders' show last December

Mink are quick off the mark and snap savagely. Phyllida wears protective gloves when she is handling her herd

breeders; today, there are between four and five hundred.

"In a good year," says Miss Bell, "we make about £5,000 profit."

This breeders' boom is explained by an increased demand for mink fur, particularly overseas. The United States and France took eighty per cent of the 30,000 mink pelts produced by British breeders last year. The pelts varied in price between £4 and £25, according to their size, quality and colour.

Mink has also become popular recently as a fashion accessory. Spring fashions this year include mink-trimmed hats, slippers and snow-boots, even mink ear-rings and bracelets. Last year, Teddy Tinling, who designs sports clothes for women, produced a £250 playsuit which he described as "In the Mink—a nonsense for sitting around in." The bloomers were edged with fur.

Wild mink, which inhabit North America and some parts of eastern Europe and Asia, are dark brown in colour (known as "standard" in the fur trade). There are several dozen mink mutations, running from pastel (brown) through sapphire (blue) and platinum (blue-grey) to white. Miss Bell breeds more standards than mutations, but specializes in whites, the most valuable of them all.

The minimum capital required to set up in business, she says, is £50—the cost of a trio (two females and a male), which can be bought from any large-scale breeder. Mink are hardy and healthy, require little space—the Bells keep one thousand on half an acre—and provide a quick turnover. Mink born in May are ready for pelting in November or December.

But the chances of a woman growing a mink coat in her back garden are remote, says Miss Bell. "It would take a large-scale breeder many years to produce the necessary sixty to a hundred perfectly matched pelts." She adds: "Most of us are not mink-coat types. I haven't got one and I don't want one."

On the Bells' farm, which is at Crookham Common, near Newbury, the mink are housed in separate wire cages, each with a wooden nesting box. Like most breeders, Phyllida finds that her greatest difficulty is to get sufficient foodstuff. Although mink will live on almost anything, their pelts will not be of good size or quality unless they receive a carefully balanced diet.

THEIR cages and nestboxes have to be escape-proof. Mink are persistent escapers. Dead rats and mice strewn around underneath the cages are usually a sure sign that one of the herd has escaped. When bodies began to appear last summer, Miss Bell checked each of her thousand cages and found them all occupied. "But we knew the free one must be one of ours. There is no other mink farm within ten miles."

Each morning for a week she found dead rats and mice—but every mink was in its cage at feeding time. On the eighth day, a mink suddenly appeared at her heels as she trundled a wheelbarrow containing a zinc bathtub full of minced food up and down the four lines of cages. It finally jumped into its cage through a small hole caused by a broken strand of wire. "For a week, that mink had been getting the best of both worlds: food inside and sport and meat outside."

Mink have sharp, pointed teeth and move at lightning speed. To guard against bites when she is handling the herd, Phyllida wears flexible leather gauntlets over a pair of woollen gloves. A normally safe way of holding a male mink is by its tail, but this may be dangerous with females, which are fiercer and often twice the size of the male.

"I learned this by experience," she says. "A female mink I was holding climbed up its own tail and bit me in the wrist. Now, I always hold females with both hands."

Another time, bending down to open a nest-box, she received a bite in the nose. "It felt like being pierced with red-hot needles."

Few people consider that mink are lovable creatures. They are ferocious, amphibious animals of the weasel family, about two feet long from the nose to the tip of the bushy, tapering tail and weigh between two and six pounds full grown. But young mink (known as kitts), if reared indoors on their own, sometimes become affectionate, playful pets. One that the Bells reared used to sit on Phyllida's head, ride on the back of her goat and hide the contents of the wastepaper basket in odd corners of the house.

Normally, at the age of six weeks, mink have to be caged separately: they have a reputation for cannibalism. A plane which swooped low over a North London mink farm two years ago cost the owner £100. The noise alarmed two female mink, who ate all their kitts.

Breeders know when a fur is prime by blowing gently on the fur to lift it. If the skin that is revealed is creamy coloured, then the fur is prime. "Inexperienced breeders who kill their animals prematurely," says Miss Bell, "find that the fur is liable to drop out."

Some breeders send their pelts to a skin dresser for blubbering and stretching, but Miss Bell does the whole job herself. Using a surgeon's scalpel, she can pelt a mink in five minutes. She takes the stretched pelts to London auctions, where they are sold in matched lots. The Hudson's Bay Company auctions more than ninety per cent of the fur grown in Britain.

As well as breeding for pelts, Miss Bell rears breeding stock and travels all over the country to advise newcomers to the industry on how to set up in business.

"Those who consider this a get-rich-quick enterprise soon change their minds," she says. "It takes at least three years simply to cover your costs. And it's hard work. Feeding and watering alone take almost a full day."

Another large-scale breeder, Roy Smith, of Epping, Essex, who sank his army gratuity in a backyard mink business nine years ago, says: "I have not had a day off since I began. In the summer I often work fourteen hours a day—and I should say that such hours are typical."

With six years' experience of the job, Miss Bell is a veteran compared with most of her rivals. Last December she won awards for the best live mink and the best pelt at the Fur Breeders Association annual show.

The flourishing business that she runs began in 1948 as a back-garden experiment at Newbury, where her parents then lived. Arthur Bell, her father, a semi-blind war veteran who is now chairman of the Fur Breeders Association, bought fourteen females and four males. When Phyllida left school at sixteen, she began working full time for the family business.

Two years later, the Bell family moved to their present ten-acre smallholding, where they invested in turkeys as well as mink.

One night, awakened by "a terrible squawking" from the turkey pen, Phyllida hurriedly dressed and went to investigate. She found that a mink had escaped and attacked a family of eight turkeys, killing six that were being fattened for Christmas.

"We gave up turkeys after that," she says, "and concentrated on mink."

A CHARACTERISTIC of the mink is its high-pitched scream. A few years ago, Phyllida discovered another characteristic—a high-frequency S O S call to its own kind which is indistinguishable from its normal scream to the ear of human beings. "I had alarmed one animal by moving it to clean out its cage. Its scream seemed to make the rest of the herd go mad. They were screaming and tearing at their cages in a frenzy to get at the source of the call."

A few days later, a mink family of a mother and seven kitts escaped from their cage. After four hours of searching, Phyllida and an assistant recaptured the mother and one kitt. She put the mother back into the cage and tweaked the kitt's tail. It screamed.

"It was obviously the right type of scream, for there was sudden pandemonium among the rest of the herd. Within a few seconds, the escapees appeared and clambered all over me, biting and scratching. I have been recapturing them that way ever since." THE END

DIFFERENT...

for her, AERO—the milk chocolate that's different!

BY ROWNTREES

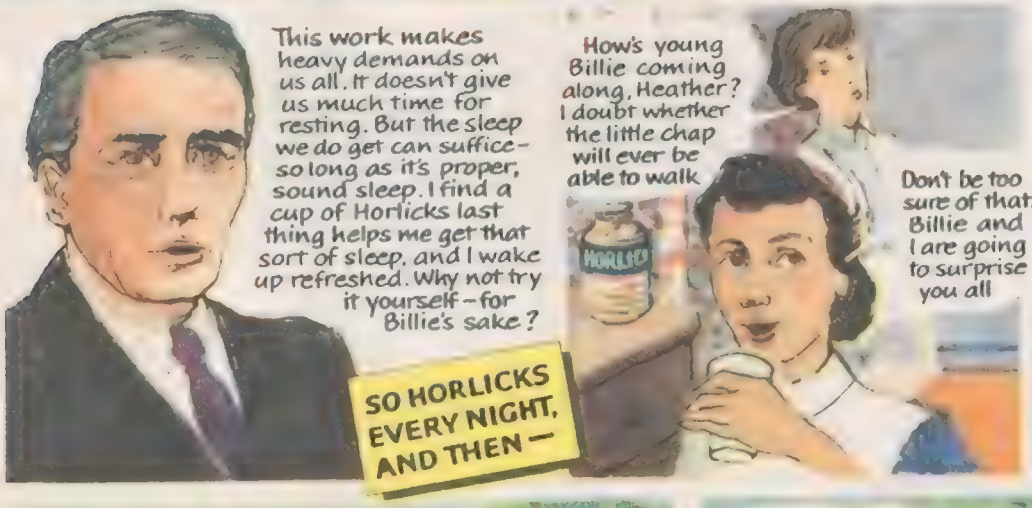
For a new experience in delightful full-cream milk chocolate that melts in your mouth in a moment.

A CHILD IN NEED

That's Billie ringing for you, Heather – better hurry! Poor little fellow's been pretty low lately...
All right, all right! He never stops ringing his wretched bell...

I-I do try, nurse – really...
Now don't cry, Billie... and please try not to ring that bell so often – remember I've got others to look after

You're pretty new to nursing, aren't you? But surely you can see these children need love and affection almost as much as medical care. Yet you...
I-I'm sorry, doctor! It – it's just that I well, I feel so terribly tired


This work makes heavy demands on us all. It doesn't give us much time for resting. But the sleep we do get can suffice – so long as it's proper, sound sleep. I find a cup of Horlicks last thing helps me get that sort of sleep, and I wake up refreshed. Why not try it yourself – for Billie's sake?
SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT, AND THEN —
How's young Billie coming along, Heather? I doubt whether the little chap will ever be able to walk
HORLICKS
Don't be too sure of that. Billie and I are going to surprise you all

The National Spastic Society are urgently in need of funds, so that they may help more unfortunate children to achieve their proper birthright. Your contribution, however small, will be most gratefully received, and used to its utmost advantage. The address is The National Spastic Society, 28 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

HORLICKS

THE LONG WALK · 3 by SLAVOMIR RAWICZ

Kristina begs us: 'Go on alone'

She had cheered us in every gruelling hardship, and we would never leave her now. Kolemenos gave a magnificent answer: he staggered off, carrying her across the desert

WE escaped across the Russian border into Mongolia at the end of the second week in June, 1941—exactly two months after our breakout from Camp 303, a Russian slave-labour prison in Central Siberia. In those sixty days I estimated we had marched south for about 1,200 miles, a feat of speed as well as endurance.

The crossing of the border, which marked the end of the first phase of our escape, was notable for two things: the ease with which we made the crossing and for the hundredweight of small early potatoes we had pulled out of a field close to the border. The raid on the potato field was particularly gratifying. I felt that, having gone into captivity with nothing, we were leaving with a valuable parting gift, even though the donors were unconscious of their generosity.

We reached the crossing point in late afternoon when dusk was deepened to premature darkness by black and lead-grey clouds heavy with rain. Far-off thunder rumbled like the uneasy mutterings of a troubled giant. The air was still, the atmosphere hot and oppressive. As far as the eye could see nothing moved. There was nothing to challenge our progress.

The frontier was shown by a nine-feet tall red post surmounted by a round metal sign carrying the Soviet wheatsheaf, star, hammer and sickle emblems above a strip of Cyrillic initials. To east and west, far into the distance, other posts marked the dividing line.

I stepped round the post to see what might be inscribed on the other side of the plaque, but the reverse was blank. There was sudden laughter as Zaro called out: "What's it like in Mongolia, Slav?" He cavorted across to me with a hop, skip and a jump. The others followed with a rush. We pranced and danced, slapped one another on the back, pulled beards and shook hands. It was all rather emotional, for none of us had held great hopes of getting out of Russia.

THERE were eight of us in the party. There was myself, Slavomir Rawicz, a twenty-five year old Polish cavalry officer who had been arrested by the Russians in 1939 on a false charge of spying and sentenced to twenty-five years in Siberia. There were my two fellow Polish soldiers, Makowski and Paluchowicz; Marchinkovas, a quiet Lithuanian architect; Zaro, a Yugoslav and the clown of the party; and the huge, muscular Kolemenos, the strongest of us all.

The eldest was a man we knew as "Mister Smith"—an American engineer who had gone to Russia in 1936 to help to build the Metro and, like myself, had been later falsely accused and sentenced for spying. Our last escaper was a young Polish girl, seventeen-year-old Kristina Polanska. She had been sentenced to work on a Russian farm and had run away. We had met during our march through Siberia.

As we stood there congratulating each other, Kristina was the most animated. She ran round, kissed each one of us in turn and cried with happiness and excitement. Mister Smith put a stop to the noisy rejoicings by pointedly swinging his potato-filled food sack on to his back and moving off. We ran after him, laughing.

"Let's get away from this place," he said, "as fast as we can go. We can't be sure how far below this border Russian influence extends. We don't know where we are and we don't know where we are going."

We walked fast after that, our sacks bumping against our backs. Behind us the frontier markers were swallowed into the distance and the darkness. The American had started a train of serious thought. The 1,200 miles we

Recklessly, we shouted our joy, and Kristina kissed us in turn. We were out of Siberia—but only just

had walked so far seemed enormous, but they were nothing to what lay ahead. And exactly where were we heading?

Paluchowicz must have been thinking on the same lines, for he broke in on my thoughts. "How far do we have to travel now?"

"About twice as far as we've travelled already," I guessed. Paluchowicz grunted his dismay.

Here it was that we first discussed seriously where we were going. Up to now we had thought ahead no farther than the escape from Siberia. Back in the camp I had talked, without any great conviction, of making for Afghanistan. It sounded a safe, out-of-the-way small country where we might be received without too many questions.

Now we began to turn our thoughts to the journey ahead. And the key to this, I think, lay in the talk we had had earlier with the two Mongols we had met before crossing the border. Lhasa: it was a word we could use in a country where few knew our language, a sound which could be understood and would always evoke the response of a flung-out hand to indicate direction. We talked mainly of Tibet in that first hour. India then seemed too far to contemplate.

The American spoke the truth when he said that we did not know where we were. We had no maps or compass and there was no one to tell us. I have tried in recent years to plot our probable course on a map, but the probable could err from the actual by as much as a hundred miles. Let me say, then, that I think we entered Outer Mongolia at a point which led us straight into the Kentei Shan mountains, that in traversing the range we must have borne west of due south to pass to the west of the only big city of the area, Ulan Bator. This theory fits in with the lie of the land as we found it, the hills, the cultivated plains and the many rivers carrying loaded sampans.

Two hours after leaving the border we were climbing steadily into the mountains. Perspiration oozed from us. The thunder spoke out nearer and nearer and a warm, sighing wind blew up from nowhere, rapidly increasing in strength as we plodded on.

Around midnight the gathering storm exploded. The first overhead thunderclap came like a near-at-hand battery of long-range artillery firing a simultaneous salvo. It was an assault on the ears. Lightning streaked and blazed across the black heavens while the thunder rolled, crashed and reverberated about us.

A few large raindrops urged us to look for cover, but the lightning revealed only a wilderness of rocky slopes. The torrent was upon us as we groped in the tumult. The rain dropped down by sheer weight, its vertical fall unaffected by the whining wind. My clothes were soaked in a matter of minutes. Streams of water trickled down the back of my neck inside my jacket. It was the worst electrical storm I have ever experienced.

We lasted that night out, the eight of us, in a shallow crevice between two smooth rocks. The girl, in the most favoured position, huddled unspeaking in her wet clothes throughout the unending dark hours, shivering and bewildered at the unabating fury of the storm.

It was a relief to get moving at first light. The rain sheeted down all through the day as though it would never stop. It went on teeming throughout the next night and until evening of the second day. Then the downpour ceased as spectacularly as though someone had turned a tap off in the heavens. In the morning a hot sun transformed our miserable world, and steam rose in clouds from the rocks. We dried our clothes and moved on.

The negotiation of the Kentei Mountains took about eight days, and coming down on to the plain from the cool heights was like stepping into an oven. Off came our bulky *fufaikas*—the kapok-lined jackets given to us by the Russians—and we sweltered bare armed in our camp-made fur waistcoats. Kolemenos carried Kristina's padded jacket and she walked along with her faded dress opened at the neck.

The ground was hard as cement and coated with a reddish dust. The mountains outcropped in an odd succession of low, oval mounds. Our exposed arms turned bright red, blistered, peeled and finally took on a deep tan. The twenty to thirty miles a day we imposed on ourselves were infinitely tiring. The nights brought with them a body-searching chill.

This country, we discovered, was criss-crossed with rivers, but we marched a couple of days before we struck the first one. At noon on a sun-scorched day, through a shimmering heat-haze, the promise of its cool waters sent our dragging feet lifting over the dry ground. It was a beautiful sight, about a hundred yards wide, its banks green-clothed with grass, its verges supporting flourishing growths of the long-stemmed, bamboo-jointed water plants. We lay on our bellies and drank, and then we sat in bliss soaking our aching feet.

Our first face-to-face meeting with natives of the country occurred after we had crossed the river and moved a few miles to the south. We were following no track, but planning our progress according to the lie of the land to avoid small hills, seizing on a landmark ahead and then walking steadily towards it. Our path was cut eventually by a road lying east and west, and coming slowly from the west was a group of travellers.

We were less than fifty yards from the road when the Mongols drew abreast. They stopped and waited for us. They were talking busily among themselves as we came within earshot, but became silent as we halted before them. They smiled and bowed, keeping their eyes on us all the while.

There were a dozen or more men, one camel, two mules and two donkeys. The animals were lightly laden and were also saddled for riding. Only the camel was being ridden now, and perched comfortably on it was an old man with a wispy grey beard. The men might have been a family party, of which the old man was the patriarch. All wore the typical Mongolian conical cap with its long ear flaps, and calf-length boots of excellent soft leather.

When the bowing on both sides had been completed in silence, the greybeard got down from his camel. We bowed again and he returned the greeting. He spoke in his own language and we shook our heads.

Mister Smith whispered to me: "Try him in Russian, Slav." The old man heard and turned his attention to me.

"May your feet carry you well on your journey," I addressed him in Russian.

A long pause followed.

In Russian, haltingly and with an obvious searching for words in an unfamiliar tongue, came the answer: "Talk more, please. I understand you well, but I speak little Russian. Once I speak this language, but not for many years."

I spoke slowly, he listened intently. The conversation, in the fullness of time, proceeded thus:

You have no camels?—We are too poor to have camels.

You have no mules?—We have no mules either.

You have no donkeys?—No donkeys.

Having established us on the lowest stratum of society, he went on to question me about our journey. The word Lhasa came up. He pointed to the south and mentioned the names of a number of places.

"It is a very long way," he said, "and the sun will come round many times before you reach this place."

At last the patriarch turned from us and spoke in his own language to the others. They smiled among themselves and bustled about their packs.

They brought him food, and smilingly he distributed it between us. He was meticulously fair in ensuring that each of us had exactly the same share. He handed round nuts, dried fish, some partly cooked swollen barley grains, and biscuity, scone-sized oaten cakes. Then he

handed me a flat-pressed wad of about fifteen whole leaves of tobacco and an old copy of the Russian newspaper *Red Star* to use as cigarette paper. We all bowed, and I, as the spokesman, thanked him in the finest phrases I could lay tongue to.

We parted with many expressions of felicitation for our respective journeys and many kind wishes for the continuing health of our feet.

It was perhaps our most interesting encounter in Mongolia, but we were to find that all these people, whatever their station in life, had those typical qualities of courtesy, complete trust, generosity and hospitality. The help we received from them was according to the means of the giver, but that help was always cheerfully given.

By the end of our first fortnight in Mongolia our methods of advance had been modified from those employed in Siberia. No longer was it necessary to post night sentries. The urge to keep on the move persisted—it had become a habit of our existence—but we were not now bedevilled by fears of imminent recapture. We could make contact with the people of the country—we could ask for food or work for food. We did long day marches from the cool hour before dawn until the setting of the sun in the late evening, but we had adopted the hot-country custom of resting in shelter for the two hours of fiercest heat at midday.

Our first thought on reaching the crest of a hill was always to look for the next river. This Outer Mongolian journey was in essence a succession of forced marches through great heat from water to water. Streams and rivers meant solace for the feet, water to slake thirst, water to bathe in.

For day after day we kept up a steady trek of around twenty miles a day. After a while the vegetation became scarcer until only heather clung to the hillsides. We were heading into the desert, the extent and character of which we did not know. Had we been fully forewarned of its formidable terrors, we might have made more prudent preparations. The word Gobi was just a word to us. We hardly discussed it.

The last human activity I remember featured two Chinese fishermen between the willow-shaded banks of a river. One walked on our side, the other near the far bank, sometimes up to their waists in the stream, at other times barely managing to keep their chins above water. Each carried a long bamboo stave in one hand while the other hand was occupied in hauling on a rope slung over the shoulder.

As they drew up to us, we saw that the pair had a net stretched out between them across the river.

We were lucky that they chose to stop at the point where we stood, and we made signs to indicate that we would like to help. The Chinese seemed to be willing. Caught in the meshes of the net were dozens of small fish. One of the fishermen took hold of one and pulled it through by the head. He threw it wriggling on to the bank. He looked at us and pointed to the net. We followed his example, clearing the net of fish, bits of wood, grass and leaves.

When the Chinese had finished sorting the fish, there were two stone of fine medium and small ones left which they indicated we could have. The Chinese ran their net out again and went on to fish the next stretch.

Here was more food than we could eat in many days, so we decided to eat what we needed there and then and to dry the rest in the sun on flat stones ready to take with us. While Kolemenos chopped off the heads, holding his axe near the blade, I gutted them, and the others, in turn, took them to the water to wash them. Kristina and Zaro soon got a fire going and a thin flat stone was cleaned to act as a hotplate. Soon there was a savoury smell of grilling fresh fish.

Fish drying was a novel occupation for us. It took several hours and it was agreed we must stay the night and finish the job.

Throughout the next morning the fish were laid out in the heat of the sun while we flapped with our *fufaikas* to keep the flies away. When we judged the process complete, we shared them out and stowed them safely away in our food sacks. Later we had reason to bless the

Continued on page 43

Daily our stumbles grew more frequent. Then Kristina fell, and remained strangely still

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIPHANT

Dorothy Campbell sees her husband off for America

SPEED IN MY BLOOD—4

Bluebird lay on the bottom of Lake Mead. We had brought her to Nevada to make her fastest run yet—and lost her in a hundred feet of water. I was in despair. Then the lads came over to me one by one. "Cheer up, Skipper," they told me . . .

'We're going to beat the record'

by DONALD CAMPBELL

I WAS sunbathing in the south of France when I received an urgent call from my chief engineer, Leo Villa, to return home. There I learned that the National Broadcasting Company of America had arranged for me to make a fresh attempt on the world water speed record at Lake Mead in Nevada on October 16. I was to appear with Bluebird at the start of a mile course at three minutes past noon on that date. The event was to be televised and already the N.B.C. had begun its advance publicity.

Although I had been planning to go to America ever since my record-breaking run on Ullswater in July, 1955, I was not too happy at the suddenness of events. Many points had to be considered—including a knock to British prestige if the appointment were not kept. But with only three weeks in hand, could I make it? Bluebird would have to be flown out from England to Las Vegas, the nearest town to Lake Mead, and this would be an expensive undertaking.

I had to make a quick, firm decision. I decided to accept the challenge.

At once another hectic period began. I had to get Bluebird down to London Airport from Blackpool where she was on exhibition, charter an aircraft for her, and fly to New York for a brief visit to ensure that the machinery for our visit would work smoothly.

I returned from New York on Sunday, October 2, in time to see Leo and the rest of the team take off from London Airport with Bluebird in a DC-6B. I was to follow later as I had a number of final details to tidy up. When these jobs were completed, I decided to go back to America by sea; I was beginning to feel tired again and I wanted to conserve my energy. I arrived in New York on October 11—and what a day that was! After a busy period of film-making, meeting the American press for the first time and talking to about sixty newspapermen for an hour and a half, I arrived at Las Vegas that evening after an eleven-hour flight.

Reunion with Leo and the team was a great moment and it was good to learn that everything was ready for Bluebird to be moved to Lake Mead the following morning. Finally there was a second press conference to be addressed, and I was pretty well tired out by the time I got to bed in the Sahara Hotel, one of the fabulous hotels of the amazing holiday town of Las Vegas.

The Sahara has every amenity any holiday-maker could possibly want—from gift shops to barbers' shops, from a tailor's to a night club. The night club, or casino, is the main attraction. There one can play roulette, black jack and crap, or try one's luck at a number of "one-armed bandits" or gambling machines. Every night, from 6 p.m. until 7 a.m. the following morning, there is continuous entertainment on the stage, and usually three different types of bands.

But we had other things to think about.

Everybody was willing and anxious to help us. We had decided that some of the team should sleep near Bluebird, just in case there might be prowlers, and I rang the sheriff to inquire about regulations about fire-arms.

"I'll come right round," he said.

He brought a revolver and holster, together with some ammunition.

"What about some identification?" I asked.

"Good idea!"

He took me to police headquarters and there swore me in as a deputy sheriff.

Late in the afternoon on the day after my arrival in Las Vegas, Bluebird was at the launching site at Lake Mead, and I was able to take a look round before preparing to make a first run on the Thursday, only three clear days before the record attempt.

Mead is a tremendous lake, 120 miles long, formed by damming the Colorado River, and surrounded by towering mountains. There are a number of reaches and the country is pretty rough and wild, mostly scrubby desert. The course selected for us lay in a western reach about seventeen miles long, running north and south. In the north we could see a line of islands and the great water towers that feeds Las Vegas. To the south were mountains.

The measured mile was laid out opposite a landmark called Burro Point, seven or eight miles from our base at the end of the only road from Las Vegas. Our refuelling point was a raft near an island beyond the end of the course. Our base was in the state of Nevada and the refuelling point was in the state of Arizona.

THERE were a number of things I was not entirely happy about. We were some 1,200 feet above sea level and I was not quite sure what the effect of this higher altitude might be on the Beryl jet engine, compared with the lower level of Ullswater.

I could see at once that it was going to be difficult to estimate distances. Everything seemed dwarfed by the surrounding mountains and there were no real landmarks as at Ullswater.

Then, because of the distance of the measured mile from our base, where there was a small harbour filled with a number of craft, I was concerned about the controlling of the course, and about the possibility of the wash of the boats disturbing the water.

However, I was committed to make an

The wash from a motor cruiser brought disaster to Bluebird. Now she is salvaged, and Campbell leaps aboard to survey the damage

A month after Bluebird's sinking Campbell is chaired for a record of 216.2 miles an hour

attempt in just over three and a half days. We worked throughout that Thursday but, by the time we were ready for the first run on Lake Mead, dusk was just about falling.

I got into the cockpit without my helmet, started the engine, and then—the first trouble.

Apparently the more rarefied air of Lake Mead was a factor to be reckoned with; at any rate the depression of air around the engine intakes must have been much greater than we had experienced at Ullswater, for the Perspex cockpit canopy burst.

A lump of Perspex about a foot square zipped past my right ear and I was nearly deafened. I switched off the engine immediately, hoping that this piece of canopy had not entered the intake and been sucked into the engine. Fortunately it remained in one piece and the intake guard did its work.

Leo and the team worked throughout the night to mend the damage, and the following day we tried again. Now we found another complication: our rate of acceleration had somehow disappeared and, again, we put this down to altitude. But we also felt that a modification of the spray baffles might provide the answer. The team worked on.

On the Saturday Bluebird ran fairly well. We were ready to keep our appointment—but it had been a pretty close thing.

The sun shone brilliantly the next day—and indeed sunshine and colour and clear light are among my main memories of Las Vegas and Lake Mead. But although I enjoyed the thirty-mile drive to the lake I was not too happy about our chances of raising the record. Bluebird was still not running as well as she had at Ullswater. And I was worried about the state of the water.

The terrific publicity given to the attempt meant that many people were determined to be on the lake to watch it. Although the United States Parks Service Rangers had issued a closure order forbidding boats from moving after 9 a.m. (Lake Mead is in a government-owned national park), large cruisers were pulling out for the long run down to the course until some twenty minutes before we were due to start up Bluebird. It was plain that the water would be too disturbed for me to work Bluebird up to the two-hundred mile an hour mark, and that any idea of a new record was quite out of the question. But the crowd was there, the television cameras were there, and millions of Americans would be viewing. I warned the timekeepers over the radio that they could not expect fast times.

BLUEBIRD was due on the course at 12.3 p.m. We were there at 12.3 plus five seconds. I took Bluebird up to a speed that gave an average of 167 miles an hour for the measured mile and had a very bumpy ride. I drove on to the refuelling launch and, while the refuelling was proceeding, I was interviewed on a radio programme which could be heard throughout the United States.

A few minutes before we were ready for the second run a speedboat dashed along near our refuelling raft; its wash smacked against Bluebird's floats just as I was working up speed on the way to the measured mile. There was a splurge of spray and the Beryl engine was doused.

We started her up again, made the run back along the mile at something over 160 miles an hour, and it was another bumpy ride.

I slowed down, turned and moved back past the television cameras to give them a close-up of Bluebird. Then I switched off the engine and was taken in tow for the long haul back to base.

Never shall I forget that tow. No sooner did the crowd realize that the attempt was ended than craft began to move in all directions back to the mooring harbour. In a very short time their wash produced a long, confused swell. Bluebird wallowed and rolled, and I could think of nothing save that her jet pipe at the stern was four inches above the water—it is considerably higher, of course, when she is in the planing conditions.

I prayed that no water would slop down this pipe and into the engine, fill it, and begin to sink the boat.

The patrol launches did their best to keep the returning craft clear of Bluebird, but their wash only increased the swell.

Slowly the towing dragged on, hours seemed to pass, but finally the base came into sight about a quarter of a mile away. Pray God we make it, I thought.

Then the end began. A big cruiser launch passed us about a quarter of a mile away and, almost hypnotized, I watched its great wash roll towards us.

There was a tremendous flop and a wallop. And then I could feel Bluebird's stern begin to drop. I felt sick at heart. I shouted to the towing launch for more speed and Clifford Polley sat on Bluebird's nose in the hope of raising the stern. But it was no use.

When Bluebird was about four hundred yards from the shore she began to settle into the water. She was going under. It was time to leave.

"Jump for it, Cliff," I shouted. Then I leaped clear, knowing that the life-jackets inside our nylon suits would keep us afloat.

Bobbing about in the water I glanced over to

Unloading at Lake Mead. The National Broadcasting Company offered Campbell three weeks in which to take Bluebird to America and plan a record attempt. He accepted

With a new world record to its credit, the are: Don Woolley, Leo Villa, Andrew Brown

Campbell's mother and his wife, Dorothy, search the Ullswater course for driftwood

Clifford. I was horrified to see an agonized look on his face. Something was wrong and I tried to swim towards him.

But I could only flounder. The water inside the legs of my nylon suit was like an anchor. Fortunately, others had observed Clifford and hauled him clear.

Later I learned that, for some reason which he could not explain himself, he had not jumped clear of Bluebird but had slid down the tow rope. Somehow this had tangled round his legs, and he was being dragged under with the sinking boat. He managed to kick himself clear just as rescuers grabbed him.

I found myself in a launch staring at the spot where Bluebird had disappeared. Suddenly —there must have been a bubble of air in her somewhere—her nose and floats appeared out of the water. And in that moment Don Woolley, very gallantly and without a thought for his own safety, jumped in with a three-inch rope and fastened it round one of the spars just before Bluebird slid under the water for the second time.

The rope, now attached to the spar, was held fast to a large launch, which continued to move gently towards the shore. Bluebird had gone down in about a hundred feet of water; but, very slowly, the launch was able to haul her in closer to the shore until she came to rest gently in about forty-five feet of water.

This was one of the most depressing periods of my life—even worse than the moment when the piston Bluebird had gone down in Coniston. But the Americans were wonderful. Soon two United States Navy divers with aqualungs were on the spot, together with a barge. And then the painful process began of hauling Bluebird along underwater towards our base.

There the cradle, on which she is launched

uebird team relaxes in the Nevada sun. They urice Parfitt, Clifford Polley, Donald Campbell

and removed from the water, was slid down the floor of the lake; and finally, after much strenuous work and anxiety, Bluebird nestled gently on the cradle, still under water.

When the divers gave the word, the cradle, bearing Bluebird, was hauled clear of the lake. The two divers had been under water for the best part of seven hours.

Our hearts sank as we examined the boat for damage, but we were slightly cheered to find that it was not as extensive as we feared. The nose was buckled, there was a dent in a cowling, the jet-propelling nozzle had been torn off, and the pitot head mounting was bent. But the rudder, the stabilizing fins and the planing shoes were all intact.

MY memories of the period from 2.36 p.m., when Bluebird went under, until midnight, when we were ready to return to the hotel, are still a bit mixed.

There were moments when nearly all the team was in tears, and I have to admit that the sight of dear old Andy Brown, sitting entirely alone in what he hoped was an unobserved corner with tears streaming down his face—well, it was more than I could take.

Was all our work over the years, and were all our great hopes for the future, to go for nothing?

But, acutely depressed though they were, every member of the team came up quietly during the salvage work when he thought nobody was looking, put an arm round my shoulders and said something like: "Cheer up, skipper. We came over here to do the job. And we're not going home until we've done it."

As I drove back to the hotel my mind was busy with thoughts of getting Bluebird running again; and I'm afraid that I was still weary and depressed when I faced a press conference before getting to bed at about two o'clock.

But tomorrow is always another day. And during the course of that Monday, after various conversations, I set off for the United States Air Force Fighter School at Nellis, about fifteen

Donald Campbell at Abbotts, his home in Surrey. To mark his new world record, the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce gave him this trophy, and made him an honorary life member

miles from Lake Mead, to talk with its commanding officer, General Roberts.

He was magnificent. I had not finished explaining our problems before he had offered every help to get Bluebird to the Nellis air base and there to lend us a workshop with every kind of implement we needed to repair her.

The following fortnight was a blur of hard work. Bluebird was stripped right down. Now we reaped the value of the spares we had flown from England, including a second jet engine.

Leo and the team worked tremendously hard. The engine was changed, all the instruments were stripped, together with the fuel system, the control system and all the electronics. And, when everything was reassembled and Bluebird was herself again, we started the engine and it ran perfectly. We were all ready to move back to Lake Mead by Thursday, November 3.

I was more determined than ever: we were going to have a new record—and as soon as possible.

WHILE work on Bluebird had been proceeding I had settled down to decide on a different course which, briefly, would be nearer our base, be more convenient for the timekeepers, and provide fewer organizational problems.

Parallel to our base there was a stretch of three miles of water, hemmed in by mountains at one end and a line of islands at the other. It was a course that could be sealed off effectively by patrol launches. Its chief disadvantage was that it meant a pretty tight fit for a

course, with the actual run—as at Ullswater—extending over a kilometre.

There were other complications including sharp turning and the feeling of driving straight at a mountain wall. The run-up to the kilometre would extend over only 7,300 feet and beyond it there would be only another eight thousand feet to play with.

It meant that in the space of about three and a half miles I should have to move Bluebird from a stationary position to a speed of well over two hundred miles an hour and then idle down in a confined area to refuel.

These were all nice problems, but they could be handled. I went out for my first trial on the new course on November 7 and worked up speed gradually.

Bluebird behaved fairly well, but I had some difficulty with spray round about the sixty miles an hour mark until I developed a turning technique to overcome it. And I must say that it required some mental effort to drive at about two hundred miles an hour past the end of the measured kilometre straight at a mountain side something more than a mile and a half away. I had the feeling that I would crash into it and run half-way up it.

THE timekeepers returned on Wednesday, November 9 and we were ready for a record attempt the following day. But by the time all arrangements were fixed dusk was falling.

I made the first run at 193 miles an hour. When refuelling was completed all light had gone and a strong wind was developing. Over the radio Leo was adamant that I was not to open up, but to come back quietly.

It was quite an experience running Bluebird back in roughish water at 120 miles an hour in the dark, and being guided in by two American radio men, who gave us wonderful help throughout our entire stay. Bluebird was docked with the aid of a torch.

During the following days, high winds coincided with the Veterans' Day holiday, when we were asked not to run, and we were not out on the lake until Tuesday, November 15, at 4 a.m. Bluebird behaved satisfactorily, and we decided to return at dawn the following morning for another crack at the record.

Throughout my stay at Las Vegas I had heard regularly from my wife, Dorothy, who wrote that she had been invited to be the commère of the B.B.C. television programme *More Contrary* on the night of November 16. This was wonderful news and I sent a cable of good wishes.

When we went to bed at 9 p.m. on the night of November 15 the cabaret show in the Sahara Hotel was in full swing; and at 4 a.m. when we came down for breakfast our friends were still there enjoying themselves, playing the tables and having a gay time.

I ordered a fine breakfast of cornflakes and cream, bacon and eggs and coffee, and listened to the Dixieland Band and Jo Lynn, a singer from Liverpool. When we had eaten and were leaving the hotel, the band stopped playing and Jo wished us the best of luck.

We went out to a cold, dark morning, and were at the lakeside at about dawn, at 5.15 a.m. Everything was ready, the water was calm and there was no wind.

We were just about to start out when one of the referees rushed over to say that the electrical timing gear connecting the ends of the measured kilometre was useless: during the night somebody, boys perhaps, had stolen all the copper wire connecting the two timekeeping points.

It is not easy to find a mile and a quarter of copper wire in a desert at that hour of the morning. By the time various telephone calls had been made, more wire delivered and the points re-connected, the sun was well over the hills. And we had the same trouble as at Ullswater, the reflection of the sun on the water producing an effect like two big, blinding arc lights.

So I went to sleep in a caravan, a deep dreamless sleep, and when Leo woke me the sun had climbed higher and the glare had dissipated. The various launches and officials were in position.

Leo moved out near the centre of the course, and half an hour or so later I was weaving Bluebird through the craft in the mooring harbour, working her up to make a fast left-handed turn close to the mountain side, and hoping that Leo's report of patchy water was not serious. He did not sound too bothered.

As I turned on to the short run up to the buoy marking the start of the measured course Bluebird was moving at 130 miles an hour. She was a bit off track so I straightened her up and gave her full thrust, my foot firmly down on the throttle pedal.

Bluebird shot past the marker buoy and I glimpsed the air-speed indicator and saw that we were doing 205 miles an hour. I determined to get everything possible out of the boat.

My chief memory of that brief spurt along the kilometre—which lasted 9.34 seconds—was the sight of the mountain ahead. How high and how hard and how near it looked! It seemed to be rushing at me.

As I neared the end of the course I also noticed a number of moorhens puddling around and taking not the slightest notice of Bluebird.

I had another glance at the air-speed indicator and saw that Bluebird was moving at around 250.

Then the marker buoy was past, and I eased the power as quickly and as gently as I dared, and began to yaw from side to side to lose way and to avoid getting too close to those mountains.

Bluebird behaved like a lady, the speed fell away, and I no longer feared those rocks. I picked out Andy Brown and the refuelling raft—mere specks. I put the boat into a steep right-handed turn, then swung her over to port to drop her down from the planing condition within twenty yards of Andy.

All the time I had been talking to Leo over the radio, and I estimated that my average speed through the kilometre was 235. I was slightly out—it was officially timed at 239.5 miles an hour.

Bluebird was refuelled in seven minutes and after the routine checks I soon had her running again. We moved towards the mountains and then turned at about 130 miles an hour, came on track for the run back, and again I gave her full thrust.

We were moving nicely, and passed the start of the kilometre at around two hundred miles an hour.

Suddenly Bluebird bumped hard and seemed to take off and leave the water. I felt my harness cut into my shoulders. When she hit the water again she snaked and slithered madly. I reduced speed, and almost immediately felt the harness bite at my shoulders again.

Bluebird had run into a patch of ground swell that had suddenly appeared—how and why we still wonder, for no boat had moved on the lake and there was no wind.

When she ran clear of the swell her speed had dropped to about 175. I put my foot firmly on the throttle and the end of the kilometre came up very quickly.

I had to lose way immediately and to yaw sharply to avoid the mountains. So deceptive are distances on the lake that Leo was convinced that I was about to crash. He had to look away.

BUT all was well and finally I put Bluebird into a steep left-handed turn, and then began to motor back gently to base, listening to the chatter over the radio and knowing that I had a new record—which would have been higher but for the ground swell.

And so it turned out. The return run was made in 11.59 seconds at an average speed of 193 miles an hour.

The new record worked out at an average of 216.2 miles an hour. We had done it at last, one month exactly to the day since Bluebird had been at the bottom of the lake and all our emotions there with her.

I must say we were pretty pleased.

I had a cable sent off to Dorothy and I learned later that, by sheer coincidence, it arrived while she was in the middle of an introduction in *More Contrary*; she was able to announce our new record over television.

We all returned home in time for Christmas, but my arrival was saddened. Dorothy was ill and in hospital.

And now for the future?

My ambition is to try to increase my record to nearer the 250 miles an hour mark. We know that the Americans are working on two jet craft, and if we are going to keep this water speed record we must work at it.

We shall continue to proceed scientifically and we shall work up more speed gradually. At the moment I do not know where we may take Bluebird, or the lake we shall select. But by the time this is published I shall be back in the United States, working and planning.

I mean to keep the record for Britain.

THE END

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A new tale of the jungle by

NORAH BURKE

. . . Derek Morley obeyed the instinct to preserve life—the life of a tiger. And so he started on a desperate road

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. . . Time and again, Miriam had warned her husband about the captain. What a fool he had been not to listen to her!

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PROUD REGIMENT

by GARNETT RADCLIFFE

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

This was a day to kill anyone's pride. Men had deserted, rifles were stolen—and now came the greatest blow of all!

I WOKE up that morning feeling something pleasant was due to happen, and after a little while I remembered what it was. That evening we, the recently raised Bedouin Rifles, were celebrating our first guest-night, and the Red Dragoons were to be our guests.

Yes, the famous Red Dragoons themselves were coming up from Steamer Point for the house-warming of our humble mess in the sand dunes above Sheikh Othman.

The Red Dragoons were the most select regiment in Aden. They wore scarlet and gold mess kit, jingled spurs, played polo, yachted and danced with the *élite* at Government House. It was a social distinction for a subaltern of a line regiment to be seen talking to a Red Dragoon.

We of the Bedouin Rifles also had our pride. We might be a new Arab unit as yet hardly recognized socially in army circles, but we weren't going to let the Red Dragoons feel they had come on a slumming expedition.

Tremendous preparations had been made for the great occasion. Furniture, rugs and flowers had been purchased. Rare food and vintage wines had been flown at vast expense from Cairo. An Indian chef who had worked for rajahs had been specially engaged to prepare an eight-course dinner. A display of tribal dancing by our Bedouin *askaris* had been arranged as the climax of the evening.

As I lay awake waiting for my early morning cup of tea, I thought complacently that even the Red Dragoons, accustomed to the very best, must be impressed by our house-warming.

But that cup of tea was destined never to be drunk. Before it could appear, my quarters were invaded by a Bedouin officer called Yusbashi Makmud Din Safar. Your inscrutable, imperturbable Bedouin! Makmud Din Safar was in tears and he could hardly speak for rage.

"Sahib, God has forgotten us and our faces are blackened for ever," he howled. "Shame has descended upon the Bedouin Rifles, and even the camels will spit upon our shadows as we pass. These cursed rifle-thieves—these festering sons of ill-begotten dogs that we were foolish to trust!"

"Rifle thieves?" I asked. I was still not quite awake.

"Sahib, I speak of the three recruits who did

The Bedouin officer was in tears. "Shame has descended upon us," he howled. "Even the camels will spit upon our shadows as we pass"

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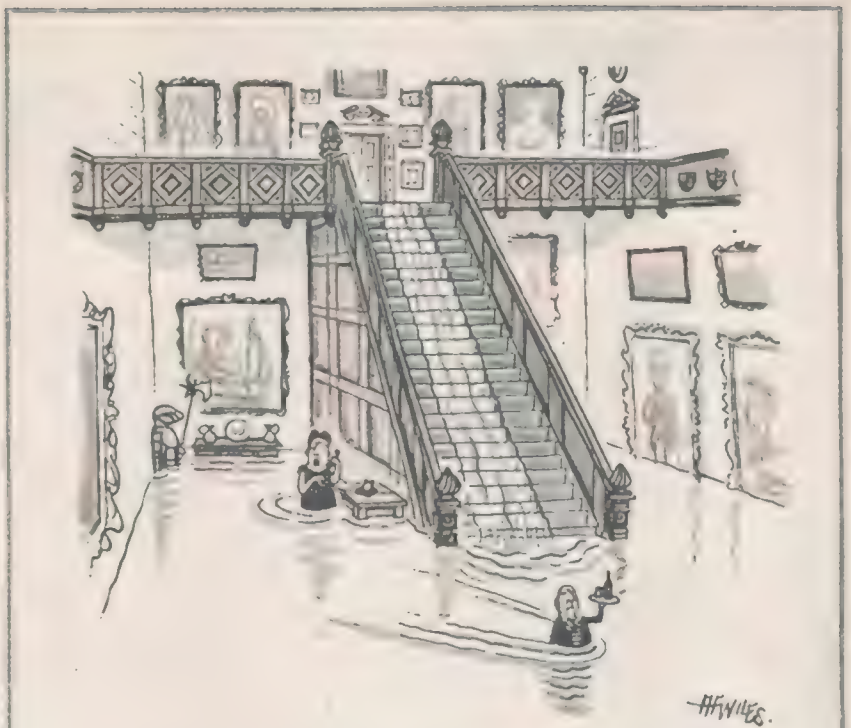

"I know it's a busy time for plumbers, but we rather hoped you could get along before Friday week"

sentry duty for the first time last night. They have deserted—fled to the Yemeni Hills to join the apes who are their brethren, taking with them their rifles, their ammunition and all their equipment. Sahib, how are we to break this news to the colonel?"

Very much awake now, I asked myself the same question. Our colonel, Bill Rickaby, was a soldier of the old school. Ordinarily the most kindly and genial of men, he didn't mind saying what he thought when anything displeased him.

And this was bad. Next to mutiny, the worst disgrace that can befall a regiment is to lose its weapons.

I was commander of the recruits' company, and I had selected the three deserters for the honour of being the first recruits to do sentry duty.

I'd picked them with great care. Abdul Huq Do'an, a tall, clear-skinned youngster with a clean look of an English schoolboy; Sayyid Hasein Berbir, keen and muscular and by all appearances a born soldier; Ibn Khan Hudaij, solid and faithful and the son of a man who had soldiered under Lawrence. I would have gone bail for their loyalty. At guard-mounting the evening before, their turnout had been impeccable, and they had been beaming with what I in my innocence had imagined to be honest pride in being selected for guard duty.

But who could read the mind of a Bedouin? Evidently I couldn't.

I ROSE and dressed with all the feelings of a condemned man. Then I made my report to Styles, the adjutant. Styles, after asking if I'd said my prayers and made my will, placed me on the mat before the colonel. . . .

"Just when we were finding our feet as a self-respecting regiment this has to happen!" Bill bellowed at me. "You thought those men were trustworthy. Well, Captain Grant, it's clear you don't know very much about Bedouins. When the C.-in-C. hears about those lost rifles we'll be disarmed and turned into a labour corps, and it's all your fault. . . . Posting Yemeni rifle-thieves as sentries! . . . A very good morning to you, Captain Grant. . . . Get out!"

I tottered out. They had been hard words, but I could appreciate how he felt. He had raised the Bedouin Rifles almost single-handed from the sweepings of the desert. He had moulded us into a regiment fit to dine with the Red Dragoons. And in the very moment of success this disgrace had to fall!

No, I didn't blame old Bill. My wrath was reserved for Messrs. Abdul Huq Do'an, Sayyid Hasein Berbir and Ibn Khan Hudaij.

There was still the ghost of a chance they might be caught before they could sell the rifles. I spent the remainder of the day in the headquarters of the Protectorate Police, whose superintendent was my friend. Between us, working through the medium of radio and telephone, we blocked every rat-hole leading out of the Protectorate. We sent patrols up the passes; we halted caravans and we searched bazaars. It was a man-hunt Scotland Yard might have envied.

But the results were nil. I might have known they would be, for the men we sought were Bedouins from the desert, as crafty and elusive as jackals. They'd vanished like smoke and they'd left no trail.

Tired, defeated and despondent, I returned to my quarters. It wasn't until I was changing that I remembered that we were dining the Red Dragoons.

Guest-nights, like shows, must go on, no matter what happens. As I hurried to the mess, I thought, even in my preoccupation, how nice it looked. It was ablaze with zinnias and geraniums, the band was playing on the veranda, and the *khidmutgars* in their white robes with turbans and sashes in the regimental colours, were waiting like a guard of honour.

In the ante-room we prepared to receive the cavalry. Like young hostesses we fussed over last-minute preparations, mixing cocktails and arranging chairs. Old Bill was the last to appear. He was beaming and excited as a sandboy. This was his big moment; the coming-of-age party for his beloved regiment.

As was to be expected of such a fashionable regiment, the Red Dragoons were fashionably late. We sampled the sherry and argued about the right temperature for champagne. *Khidmutgars* were sent to see if they could espy the lights of cars coming up the road from Lower Aden.

Time ticked on. When we were all very hungry, the second-in-command slipped out and phoned the mess of the Red Dragoons. When he came back his face was set and angry.

"Apparently, there's been a slip-up," he reported. "They seem to have forgotten or ignored our invitation. The duty sergeant has informed me that they've all gone to a dance at Government House."

And that was that! What we said about the Red Dragoons had better not be recorded.

A guest-night without guests is not much fun. We ate the interminable

dinner amid a forest of empty chairs. That the food and wine were excellent did nothing to raise our spirits. The Red Dragoons had snubbed us.

After the mockery of a dinner, we returned to the ante-room. While we younger ones muttered in angry groups about snobbery and bad manners, old Bill sat apart, pretending to read the *Aden News*. He hadn't said very much, but he looked old and tired, quite unlike his usual rumbustious self.

And then, like a breath of desert wind, the senior Bedouin officer, Bimbashi El Awal Ali Haithan, came striding into the mess. Six foot tall, muscular as a snake, he snapped to attention before the colonel. His hand flashed to his turban in salute.

"Sahib, I have come to report that the regiment is complete. The three men who went absent last night have returned and have resumed their sentry duty. Nothing has been stolen; nothing has been lost or sold. I myself have checked their kit and it is complete to the last round of ammunition."

We all sat up and stared. Even old Bill was at a loss for words.

"They've come back!" he said at last. "And they haven't sold their rifles! Then what the Devil did they desert for?"

"Rifles," Ali Haithan said simply. "Since we are a new regiment not yet fully equipped, we have a scarcity of rifles and other weapons, as you well know, Sahib. It was to remedy that deficiency that those three recruits went absent last night.

"Leaving their posts to be guarded by others, they prayed to Allah for guidance and Allah led them far into the desert, where He rewarded their piety by showing them where a store of weapons lay unowned, unwanted and rusting in the sand. Since waste and improvidence are deadly sins, they

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collected these weapons and brought them back for the use of our regiment. . . . Sahib, behold the gifts bestowed by Allah!"

He blew his whistle as a signal. We sat in silence, gripping the arms of our chairs, while four half-naked, grinning Bedouins brought in what Allah had bestowed. Automatic rifles of the latest pattern, boxes of ammunition, pistols, grenades and a couple of sub-machine guns. All were freshly oiled and shining.

The adjutant moved over to make a closer inspection. Suddenly he slapped his knees, doubled up and raised a streaming face. "It's all Red Dragoon equipment! They've—they've disarmed the blooming regiment!"

We knew then what had happened. Messrs. Abdul Huq Do'an, Sayyid Hasein Berbir and Ibn Khan Hadaij had snaked into the lines of the Red Dragoons and raided their armoury as wolves might raid a hen-coop.

Old Bill was already at the telephone. We heard his roars just as the colonel of the Red Dragoons must have heard them above the dance music in Government House.

"Valuable kit strewn from one end of Arabia to another. . . . Do you think my men have nothing better to do than go picking up your rifles for you? . . . This isn't a blistering lost property office. . . . If the C.-in-C. hears how you guard your firearms. . . ."

We didn't laugh. We were the Bedouin Rifles, a proud regiment; a regiment too proud to gloat over the misfortunes of lesser units. THE END

The Girl of Crocodile River

Continued from page 9

why Mrs. Croc is savage. She'll defend her nest against all comers. The rules don't apply to a female croc with a nest. She'll attack first, last and all the time."

"Let's get out of here, then," suggested Marshall.

Wason laughed. "Just as well."

Nearly half a mile farther up, the torch picked out not one pair but three pairs of ruby eyes, all on the other side of the river, which was perhaps fifty yards wide. They turned the canoe in that direction, but before they had proceeded very far, another pair of eyes, bigger, caught the gleam in midstream.

"He's a beauty," said Wason. "Get that rifle loaded."

Marshall reached for the rifle, but before he got it, Wason swore lightly under his breath, and he looked up.

"Not according to the book!" complained Wason. "He's gone."

Drifting in the little current, he played the light up and down, back and forth across the water, concentrating on the stretch upstream in the direction in which they had first seen the big eyes.

NEARLY a minute later, almost at the outermost range of the flashlight, they saw the eyes in midstream again.

"That's him," said Wason, and drove the paddle deep.

They seemed to cover a lot of water before they caught up with the beast, and when they were within twenty yards the eyes disappeared again.

Wason laid his paddle across his knees. "Now what?" he asked rhetorically. "I don't know what his game is, but we'll find out. He'll probably be upstream again."

More than a minute later they picked up the eyes again, once more on the fringe of the flashlight's range. As they approached, they saw that the waters here were divided by a large island. The two channels, one to either side, were each as broad as the main stream. The crocodile was in the channel to the left, as they came up on it. It was lying surfaced in the water, in the middle of the channel.

"He wants us to go thataway," said Wason. "I don't know what game he's playing, but whatever it is, he's playing it our way, even if he doesn't know it. Look, we'll give the harpoon away. He's a big beauty, but he's heading up into this shallower water, and the farther he goes, the shallower it will get. We won't take any chances with him. I'll take the torch. You keep the rifle. I don't know whether we can get right up on this one or not. But don't fire until I tell you."

Once more the eyes disappeared.

Just ahead a monster tree, the first outrunner of the heavy rain forest beyond the mangroves, had fallen into the current and all but blocked the passage for the canoe. There was a gap of a few feet between its heavy branch-fanged bulk and the grassy swamp.

Dead as it was, it seemed to Marshall like a living intrusion into the unreality of the water world, a world so insubstantial that the swimming monster ahead became an improbable chimera compounded of fear and the imagination. How did he come here? Why was he, a man of cities, sitting here helpless in a crazy tin canoe, a rifle across his knees, being guided in a mad chase by ruby crocodile eyes?

The twin lights reappeared upstream. Suddenly a vast unease gripped Marshall, became bigger than himself, surrounded him with an oppressive aura. At that moment, had anyone spoken to him, he would have been dumb. At that moment he would have had difficulty in remembering his name. And at that moment, just as they had completed the negotiation of the narrow space between the tree branches and the bank, there was a movement of the eyes ahead.

"Fire!" yelled Wason. "This is it! Fire!" The eyes gathered to themselves a pattern of water ripples. There was a vee point of ripples ahead of

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them, and the vee was coming down the water at a speed that was just another feature of the moon-filled lunatic night.

"He's charging! Fire!" yelled Wason. "Marshall, wake up!" Too late, he had realized that the crocodile had deliberately lured them into this wickedly vulnerable position among the sunken tree branches.

Marshall leaped. He did the unforgiveable. That vee of ripples, those jaws were at hand, and Marshall, in a wild, unreasoning panic, stabbed at the surface of the water with the muzzle of the rifle that could have saved them. He was on his feet, tipping the canoe and stabbing into the water, reaching for the mud with the rifle muzzle, trying to turn the canoe aside.

Before his lunge was completed, the crocodile had struck, its open jaws encompassing the canoe at its greatest bulk. There was a swirl and a rush. There was a wild tipping and plunging, and the water was all about them. Wason went down and under, and as he went he felt the knuckle knobs of the reptile's back scrape over his neck and his shoulders.

He was swimming madly before he reached the surface, and in a moment —but it seemed like an hour—he had beached upon the mud, drawn himself up and scrambled, still slowed by the sticky gumbo underfoot, to what passed for solid ground upon the bank. Here at least he had the advantage that the tall grass gave him a handhold, and here he turned and called out to Marshall.

There was no reply.

Now, for the first time, he saw that he was on the island. The long tree trunk that had first restricted their movement in the canoe sprang from a tangled clump of tree roots near where he stood. The torch was in his hand, and when he pressed it to see whether it was still working, the long beam of light sprang out, and with that there came a cry from the other bank.

"Marshall! Is that you, Marshall?" Wason called.

"Marshall here!" the reply came.

"Look, find a tree and get up it—fast! Climb as high as you can and settle," Wason called.

"I'm up a tree," Marshall said. "Are you all right?"

"I'm O.K.!" Wason was looking for a tree himself now. He found one and, his torch in his teeth, climbed its straight trunk until he came to a fork. He tried to make himself comfortable, decided against his perch, and climbed to a better one, a little higher up. From where he sat there was a fairly open view of the river.

"Have you still got the rifle, Tom?" he asked.

There was a pause before Marshall answered, "No," and Wason swore.

"You all right? Can you stay where you are till daylight? You'll have to, anyway."

"What's the time?" asked Marshall.

Wason looked at his watch. "It's midnight." He looked again. "At least it was when we hit the water. Watch has stopped."

He swung the flashlight over towards Marshall and saw him sitting insecurely in the narrow fork of a river oak. He was going to advise him to shift to a better location when the torch picked up the edges of a structure near at hand to the tree.

"Marshall," he said, "see this? See the nest in the light of the torch? It's a crocodile's nest, Marshall. Don't get down. Don't try to pick yourself a better tree. Stay where you are, and don't go to sleep. It's not long till morning. Six hours. Hang on."

Six hours and the sun had made its rapid, top-of-the-morning appearance over the tropical horizon. An hour before that, David Riccarby decided that he had had enough of tossing and turning on a hotel bed, and set out to walk through the lightening night, with its scents of frangipani and the flower of the taro lily. And because he was a young man of sensitivity, whose head was full of pictures of a face framed in wild, close-cropped hair, of a lithe brown figure and grey-green eyes, it was not surprising that his footsteps took him to the house where Annabelle Lucy lived with her brother.

He was still young enough to intend to keep on walking past the house, but when he came in sight he saw someone on the veranda. It was Annabelle Lucy, and she waved to him as though she had been expecting him. His heart lifted quite unreasonably, so that her words shocked him when she spoke.

"Oh, David!" she said. "So you were worried too! They're not home. Wason didn't come back. The canoe is still gone, and there's no sign of them on the river as far as you can see."

"What do we do? Hire a launch? I'll go and get a launch, and bring it up the river here and pick you up."

"No," said Annabelle Lucy. "First of all, you'd have to wake them up. Second, you'd have to explain. And if it got out that Wason was just lost or something silly, he'd never forgive me. And it can't be very bad, I think. Something might have just happened to the canoe. I'll borrow one from the neighbours. It's a better one than our own anyway, and they'll never know it's been gone. That is—you'll come with me, won't you?"

"Why, certainly!" said David. "Of course I will."

"Even though the crocs are thick up there, it won't be so bad for you in daylight," said Annabelle Lucy, turning her back. It was just as well she did. She never knew how he winced.

SUCCESS—2

It is only the people with push who have a pull.

Lord Dewar

The canoe she borrowed was longer and stronger than the metal one Wason had used. There was only a single paddle, but the little craft was light to handle, and they set out just as the sun rose.

The mists were hanging about the water and there was little to see.

"I had hoped you might have come to the dance with me. I wasn't expecting Tom to ask you," David said as he paddled.

"He asked me first," said Annebelle Lucy.

She looked over her shoulder at him in the stern, and smiled, a brilliant flashing smile that left the sunlight wan, but her words dampened his responding warmth.

"What was the trouble? Were you nervous?" she asked.

"Scared to death!" he answered jokingly.

They travelled far up the second reach before they turned in to the bank, travelling swiftly. At the mouth of a small creek Annabelle Lucy cried out. A piece of flotsam had caught her eye. It was held by a branch of the mangroves at the junction of the waters in such a way that it could only have come down the smaller arm.

It was a broken paddle. The shaft was there, and the hand piece, but it was broken right across at the beginning of the blade.

"It's Wason's," said Annabelle Lucy, with certainty. When she was close enough, she reached over and plucked it out of the water, and immediately her face went white.

"David, look!" she said. "Look at the blade!"

She handed it to him, and he took it puzzled. "They're teeth marks," she said. "Those gashes where it's broken. A crocodile had it. Snapped it in his mouth. Oh, David!"

The canoe rocked dangerously. But in a moment, without knowing how he had got there, he was close behind her and holding her in his arms. She was sobbing softly, but only for a moment.

Then she straightened herself and said: "Thanks, David," and patted his hand. "I'm worried."

David paddled swiftly up the quite featureless stream until they came to the island at the joining of the waters. They took the turning to the right, and

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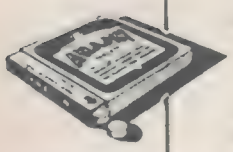

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went on against a gentle breeze for nearly a mile. Then they took the broad channel that ran down on the other side of the island.

Here, away from the shelter of the trees, the wind was quite strong. In a couple of hundred yards they came in sight of the river oak, with Marshall sitting in its branches a bare ten feet above the ground.

He yelled to them as soon as they came in sight, a strong cry of relief.

Annabelle Lucy was standing in the canoe. "Wason?" she called. "Where's Wason?"

Marshall pointed downstream. "He's all right. He went off to find somebody, if he could. That way! But he's on the island."

They turned in to land close to the foot of the tree, but suddenly Annabelle Lucy saw the crocodile's nest.

"Back water, David," she said quietly. . . . "Tom, have you seen that nest? Is the crocodile there?"

"The crocodile?" said Marshall. "I haven't seen it. I don't know. Did you bring a rifle? For heaven's sake, get me out of here. Hurry!"

He began to curse weakly even before David said: "No rifle."

"What are we waiting for?" asked David. "What is the trouble? What is this about a nest?" And Annabelle Lucy explained.

"I think if we move in smartly and Tom drops straight out of the branches and runs over, we can get him away without any trouble," she said. "Want to take the risk?"

"Anything you say," agreed David.

THEY ran the canoe into the bank about eight yards away from the tree, and Annabelle Lucy reached behind her for the paddle. David passed it to her, and she plunged it into the mud by the bows, mooring the canoe with it.

Marshall dropped heavily and stiffly from the tree, and came at a lumbering run. In a panic, he dived blindly rather than ran at the canoe, and, with the clumsiness of haste, fell over Annabelle Lucy's restraining arm. The canoe rocked violently, with Marshall lying kicking over the thwart, tangled up with the girl, and David worked hard to keep a balance.

When they were straight again, they were in mid-stream, and the paddle was still in the mud of the bank. The wind drifted them down to the fallen tree, and there they stayed.

"Well, that was a nice thing to do," said Annabelle Lucy, when they were straightened out. There was a movement among the grass of the bank and they could see the crocodile, an enormous green-grey bulk. She was lying watching them, unblinking, her long jaw flat against the ground, feet spraddled alongside her, right out where they could see her, as though she knew they had no rifle.

"What do we do now?" demanded Annabelle Lucy. "She'll make a mess of us if we stay here. Sometimes they'll charge a canoe." Tom raised his head. "Oh, is that what happened? Is that how you got this way? And where's the rifle?"

"I'm sorry, Lucy," Marshall said. "I'm sorry, I really am. There was a crocodile charged us last night. We both got out of it. We lost everything."

"That's not like Wason," she said suspiciously. "Where is he?"

"He went down-river, walking. He left not ten minutes ago."

"Then he's still on the island," said Annabelle Lucy. "And that's fine. He's there and we're here. And the croc's there, and she's the only one can move. Well, somebody think of something."

As she said it there was a splash. She looked behind her and saw David's shirt and David's shoes lying on the bottom boards. In a second his head cut the water close to the bank, and in another moment he had reached the paddle.

The crocodile's head moved, following this new development, and Annabelle Lucy screamed. David waved, almost gaily, and plunged back into the water.

The crocodile took two quick steps, and there was a strong and angry swishing of its tail. In another few seconds David was grasping the gunwale and they were helping him aboard.

"Nothing to panic about," he said.

Annabelle Lucy wiped her eyes. "And I," she said, "I thought you were the nervous type."

Marshall held out his hand and David took it.

"Thanks, Tom," he said.

There was a movement on the island bank, and they saw Wason's head and shoulders approaching. Annabelle Lucy was calling to him.

"And by the way," said David, "Annabelle Lucy won't be going to the dance with you. She won't be able to make it. I'm telling you now, Tom, to avoid making explanations to Wason. You can call it a prior engagement."

"I don't know what you mean," said Marshall.

Annabelle Lucy turned round and smiled. "David didn't get it quite right," she said. "It's not exactly a prior engagement, but I guess it takes precedence. I'm sorry, Tom."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Marshall. "I guess I'm not thinking straight yet. These crocodiles have made me nervous."

"I used to be nervous about crocodiles," David said. "I'm getting to like them now, kind of."

"I thought you'd come round to it," said Annabelle Lucy.

The canoe was crowded on the long pull home, but Annabelle Lucy was next to him, and the world was full of sunshine, and David could find no fault with it at all. THE END

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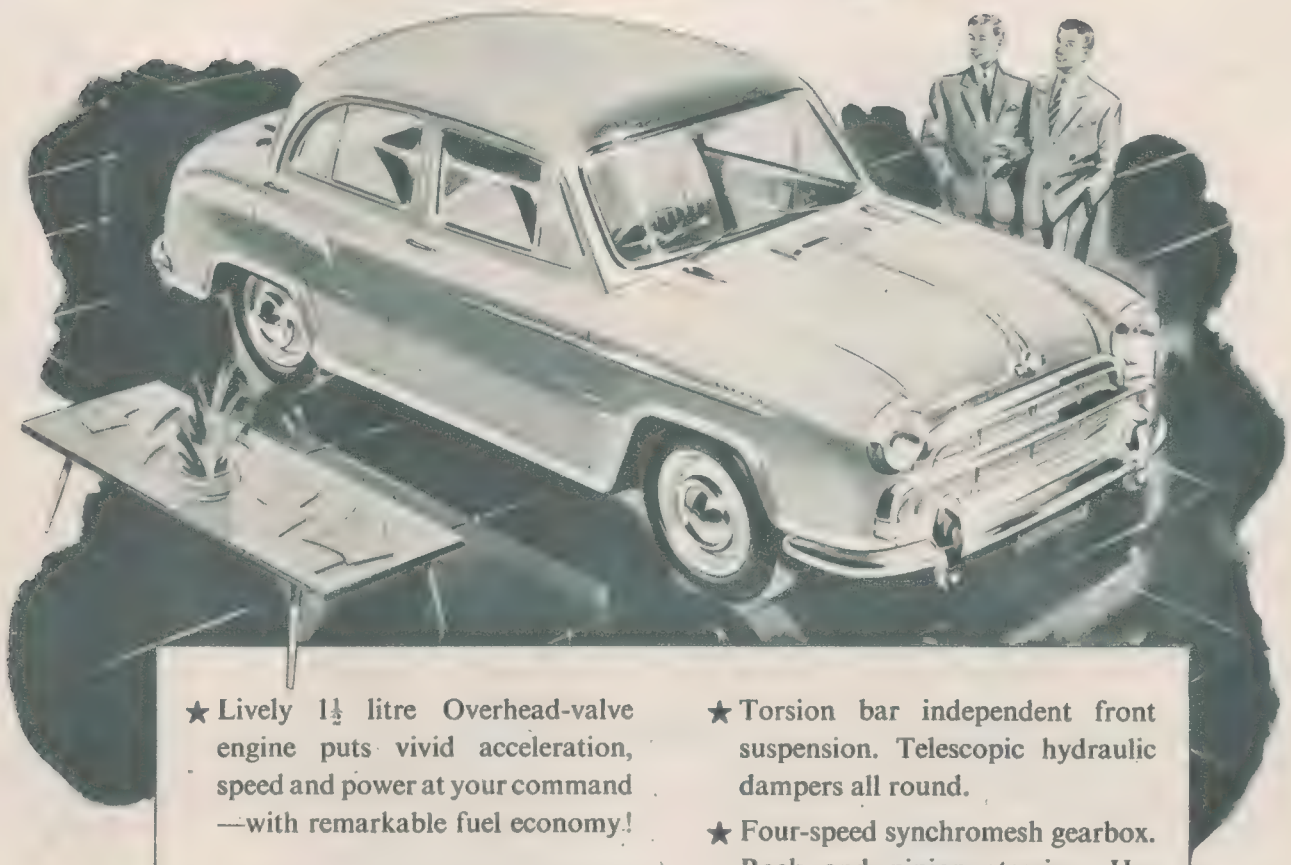

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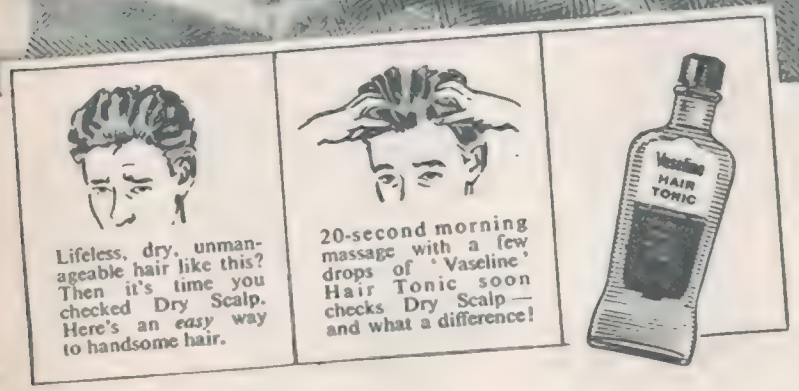
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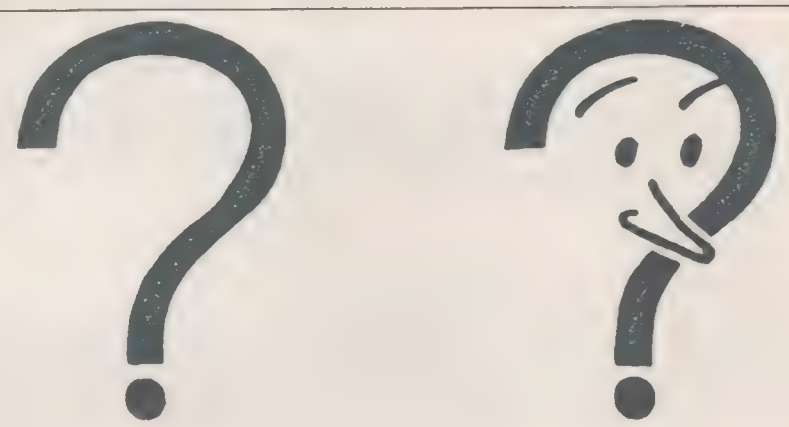

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"Oh, Arthur—look!"

Island In The Sun

Continued from page 14

was glad of the chance it gave to have a few unofficial words with him.

"Do you think there's any real danger of trouble during Carnival?" he asked.

"There's always that danger, sir."

"I take it that's an official answer. Would you say that there was more likelihood of trouble this year than in any of the last five years?"

Whittingham hesitated. He would have liked to say, "Yes," but he could not honestly. "It's much the same as it always is," he said.

"By the way, have you heard much talk about that scene at the club the other night with Carson?"

"Half the talk I hear is about that one thing."

"What's going to happen?"

"Leisching has put in an official complaint to the committee. The committee hasn't met yet. They won't do anything till after Carnival."

"Do they hope it'll die of its own accord? From what I know of the German temperament, that's the last thing Leisching will allow to happen. I suppose I may have to intervene."

Whittingham made no comment. . . .

The sun on the morning of Mardi Gras rose into a cloudless sky. Jocelyn, seated at her window beside her morning tea, looked forward to the day with mingled anticipation and anxiety. She had arranged a larger party than usual: twelve instead of six. Since Sylvia and Maxwell were in town, they had three cars.

Their rendezvous was a beach on the north point of the island. They arrived hot and soiled and tired, eager for the cool fresh water. They sat on the sand under the palms and drank punches out of vacuum flasks. After the punches, most of them went back to swim again. Then they opened their lunch baskets, and afterwards stretched themselves on rugs, so tired that even the sandflies could not stop them from sleeping.

The heat of the day was over when Euan awoke. The sun was sinking towards the hill. He saw that Jocelyn, too, had woken up.

"Is Belfontaine far from here?" he asked.

"Three miles."

"I've never seen it properly. Could you show me round?"

"I'd love to."

They looked at their slumbering friends. "Will they be driving past the house on the way back?" he asked.

"They may do, but it's a longer way."

"It doesn't matter; we've got three cars."

It was the first time she had been beside him the whole day. It was the first time they had been alone for at least a week. As always, she felt cosily at ease with him. It was good to be driving round the top of the island in the quiet, past a long grove of coconuts, with grazing ground stretching towards the foothills.

"I can see why your ancestors chose this place," he said.

It was the first time he had approached Belfontaine from this side. It looked very dignified, white against the green of the surrounding cane fields, with the avenue of palms leading to it from the road.

JOCELYN honked the horn as she turned into the avenue. "I'll bet that wretched guardian has taken the day off," she prophesied.

"Does that mean that we can't get in?"

"No, no. I know where they keep the key."

It was very quiet in the house. The nearest village was two miles away. The beating of the steel drums carried faintly against the wash of the waves upon the shingle, the croaking of the frogs, the rustle of the palm fronds.

"I think I'll make some tea," she said. "Sylvia's very wasteful. We'll probably find there's a cake in the bread tin."

They did not find a cake, but they found a box of biscuits. They made tea and carried it out to the veranda, and sat there to watch the sunset. It was very beautiful.

"Oughtn't we to be going soon?" he said.

"I suppose we should."

But she made no movement. The dark fell quickly. There is hardly any twilight in the Caribbean. Stars began to stud the sky.

"What time does the moon rise?" he asked.

"It's three-quarters full. It should be coming over the mountain in about an hour."

"Let's wait a little. It'd be nice driving back by moonlight."

"We'd better put the tea things away first."

They moved the tea things into the kitchen, fastened the shutters, closed the windows, locked the doors opening on to the veranda. The sky was starlit, and the moon mounting on the leeward coast was heralding its approach behind the mountains, but it was dark enough for them not to be able to see each other's features. Conversation became difficult.

"Perhaps we should be going back," he said.

"We might stop on the way and have some supper."

"That's an idea."

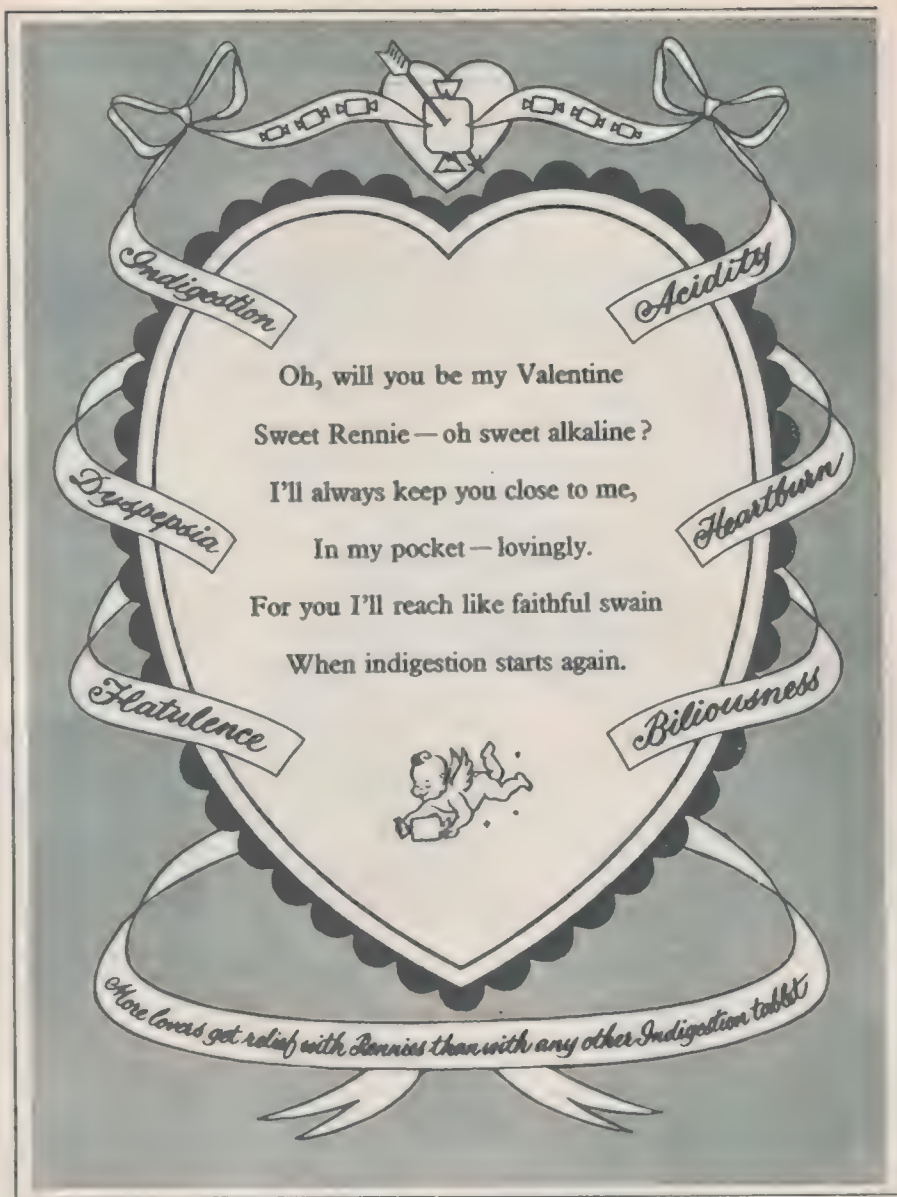
"Then we're on our way."

They walked down the short flight of

SUCCESS—3

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

—Longfellow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steps into the avenue. She got into the driver's seat and pressed the starter. There was no response. She pressed the starter again. Again there was no response. Another pause; another attempt; still silence.

"I hope you've got a torch," he said.

"I have."

He lifted the bonnet and flashed the torch.

"Well, well," he said, and let the bonnet down. "I hate to break it to you, but your carburettor's gone."

"What?"

"Your car, lady, has no carburettor. Come and look."

She got out of the car. "You're right, it's gone."

"Is that Carnival humour?"

"You could call it that."

"What do we do now? Ring up your father?"

"We can try."

They went inside. Jocelyn spun the telephone handle, lifted the receiver, stood with it against her ear. There was a minute's silence. She hung the receiver back.

"It's no good. It's dead." She paused thoughtfully. "The carburettor, now the telephone. It can't be a coincidence."

"What does it mean?"

"It might mean anything. Grudges get paid off at Carnival."

"Against you?"

"They don't know it's me. They only know it's Maxwell's car. He may have put their backs up."

"What do we do now?" he asked.

"There's nothing we can do."

"That's what I was thinking. The others must have taken the other road. They won't start worrying about us for hours yet."

"Well, I suppose——" Jocelyn started.

THE sentence was never finished. Right in front of them and along the cane field shafts of fire suddenly rose and roared, fanned by the wind, crackling, sweeping up the hill, tossing their sparks into the sky.

For a moment they stared transfixed; then they ran to the veranda rails.

"Somebody's got it in for your brother right enough," he said.

She made no answer. He felt a sharp hot sting against his cheek.

"Better stand back: the sparks are flying."

"That's the only danger," she said. "One of the sparks might set the house on fire."

"What chance is there of getting any of the villagers?" Euan asked. "They'll probably see the fire, won't they? If they do, they're bound to come and see what's happening."

She laughed. "They'll know about it right enough. They'll soon be flocking round from everywhere."

"We might as well wait for them."

The heat from the fire flushed their cheeks. He was conscious of an excitement mounting along his veins and nerves. The spice of danger was intensified by sharing it with this girl. His arm was round her waist.

Suddenly she started. "Look, they're here."

In the avenue there was a horde of them. Twenty, thirty, forty, he could not tell how many. They looked barbaric in their Carnival costumes, with the glare of the flames on their painted, glistening faces. The men were carrying cutlasses.

Within an hour the fire had been controlled: on the edge of a ploughed field a quarter of a mile down the road, the cane had been cut back and cleared. The fire could not spread. It would burn itself out.

The villagers were grouped before the steps.

"I had better give them some money, hadn't I?" Euan said. "How much? Twenty dollars?"

"That's ample."

The villagers were delighted. For them the whole adventure was a footnote to Carnival. They cheered, shouted, dispersed as quickly as they had come, hurrying back to their steel bands. Once again Euan was standing beside Jocelyn, leaning against the veranda. He was acutely conscious of her nearness, remembering how they had stood there while the fire was raging. He took a step toward her and she moved to meet him. His arms went round her.

It all seemed the most natural, the most inevitable thing that had ever happened.

Later, when Euan proposed, she could not trust herself to speak. She could not believe that it was true. . . .

The telephone line was fixed the next morning, and Maxwell and Sylvia drove out to fetch them, taking a mechanic with them.

On the surface Maxwell was very calm. But beneath the surface Euan saw that he was raging.

"You can see what's happened. The natives had a grudge against me. They thought it was my car. They saw a chance of paying off old scores. That shows the kind of people they are."

He spoke with a sneer. It relieved Jocelyn that Maxwell should be so completely concerned with the destruction of his property. He had no interest in the other aspect of the matter: that his sister had spent an entire night

SUCCESS—4

Nothing is impossible to the man who does not have to do it himself.

—Earl Wilson

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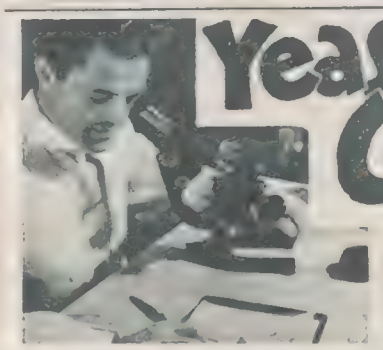

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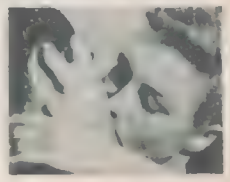

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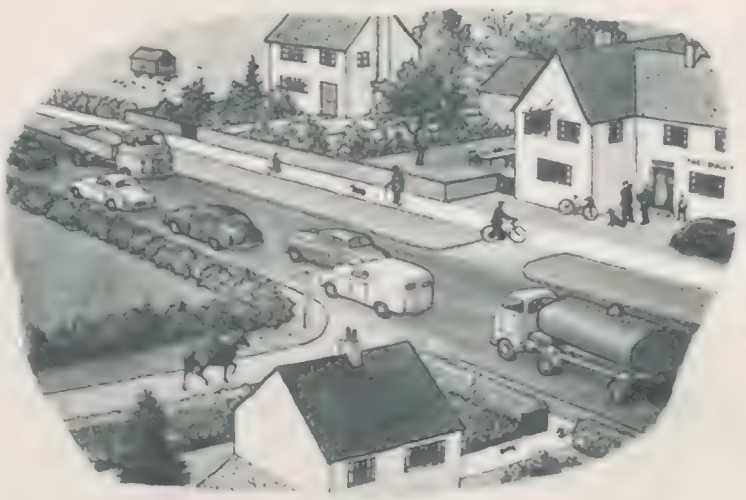
Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 40



DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

alone with a man in an empty estate house. . . .

Bradshaw's second article reached Baltimore three days later. It was headed "The Colour Problem In The B.W.I." It began, "Everything in the last analysis turns on colour. It is the subject that everyone avoids, but it is at the back of every social and political issue. Nearly every family has some trace of coloured blood. Each class is graded according to the percentage of dark blood in its veins.

"In almost every island there is a club that coloured men cannot join and another that is barred to white men. All those who pass for white try to make out that they are completely white. In most families a dusky aunt or cousin is kept out of sight on the far side of the island.

"Let us take typical examples. . . ." The examples followed.

"In every issue, social and political," the article concluded, "colour is the deciding force: it inspires jealousy, malice, and distrust. It is a malady that you cannot cure by legislation."

The aeroplane that brought the copy of the *Baltimore Star* to Santa Marta carried the governor and his son to a conference in British Guiana. The copy with Bradshaw's article was to lie unopened for half a week. A second copy, however, reached the offices of the local newspaper, *The Voice of Santa Marta*, which reprinted the article.

THE local paper did not reach the Fleury town house until Julian Fleury had left for work; a second copy was delivered at his office. Ordinarily he did little more than glance at the "arrivals and departures" column. On this morning, however, Bradshaw's article caught his eye.

He read the opening paragraphs with interest. It was well and clearly put. "Let us take typical examples. . . ."

"The Fleury family," he read, "is one of the oldest in the Caribbean. Their estate house at Belfontaine is historic. Its present owner, Julian Fleury, was brought up in England. He was educated at Eton and at Oxford. The Fleurys are as well known in the West of England as they are in the West Indies. A distinguished Wessex family was delighted when Julian Fleury proposed marriage to their youngest daughter. Presumably they did not know, and if they had known they might not have cared, that Julian's mother who died in childbirth was a Jamaican, with coloured ancestry."

Julian Fleury stared at the paragraph: that this should have been brought up after all these years! Betty, Jocelyn, Maxwell—how would they take this? Had they read it yet? He called up his house. Jocelyn answered.

"Is your mother there?"

"She's here. Shall I call her?"

"Yes, please."

He could hear Jocelyn calling, "It's Daddy, Mother." Then there was Betty's voice, "Yes, darling?"

"Have you read Bradshaw's article?"

"Yes."

"I'll be right back."

They had read it, had no doubt discussed it. A sense of guilt bore down on him. It was outrageous that they should be subjected to such a shock; that he should have brought this on them.

Yet he had brought it in all innocence. He had had no idea of his real background when he came out here. He had never suspected it. His father had never told him.

Their voices dropped as he came on to the veranda. He looked first at Betty. There were sympathy and fondness in her smile. Jocelyn's face, however, was set and stern.

"Is it true?" she asked.

"It's true."

"And yet you agreed that I could marry Euan Templeton—Euan, the heir to a title. Can you picture a black man sitting in the House of Lords?"

"There's no need to exaggerate. My mother was three-quarters white. I've only one eighth of coloured blood: your children will be completely white, all but a thousandth part."

"What about a throwback?"

"That's an old-fashioned theory. It's been disproved; the blood gets whiter all the time."

"That's what the scientists are saying now, but have they proved it? Why couldn't you have told me years ago? Why wasn't I told? I had a right to know."

Julian Fleury looked toward his wife. There was nothing but fondness in her eyes. If only it were just the two of them, they could brave this thing through so easily.

"I never knew it myself till I came out here," he said. "There was nothing to make me suspect. My father toured the West Indies with a cricket team, he fell in love and married. Within eighteen months he was back in England as a widower; a year later he had married again, a girl he had been half engaged to before he sailed. That was all I know. My stepmother was a mother to me. Why should I have felt any curiosity about a mother that I'd never seen? I don't suppose I ever should have known if I hadn't met a remote cousin in Antigua."

Betty smiled. "I wasn't certain if you knew."

"So you knew, then?"

She nodded. "An anonymous letter."

The telephone bell rang.

"I'll answer it," said Jocelyn. Anything to be out of her parents' company.

"It's Maxwell," she announced on her return. "He's seen the paper. He's coming in right away."

Maxwell arrived soon after three, seething with indignation, vowing vengeance.

"We must break this fellow, we must sue him in America. That's where we can get big damages. To call a man coloured is to ruin his career. We must sue in Baltimore."

He was on the brink of hysteria.

His parents exchanged a glance and his mother rose, put her hand on Maxwell's arm.

"Darling, it's true," she said.

The discussion dragged on and on. Maxwell turned to his sister.

"How will this affect your engagement?"

"It's the end of that, of course."

"Now wait——" It was her mother who intervened, but she checked. What was on her mind? Jocelyn asked herself. She seemed to be keeping something back. Her brother did not notice the interruption. He was too absorbed in his own predicament.

"Did you hear about the scene last night at my election meeting?" he asked his father.

"No, I didn't."

"They wouldn't let me speak. They had a steel band. Whenever I was reaching a key argument they began to play; they drowned my words. It was a put-up show, organized by Boyeur. He was there himself.

"There's only one thing to do, convince H. E. that the decent elements in the island won't stand for this. I'll tell you how you can prove it, by refusing to sit on the council with a man like Boyeur. You must refuse to be a nominated member."

"Now, my dear boy, do listen to me quietly for one moment."

PATIENTLY, slowly, stage by stage, Julian Fleury explained to his son the impossibility of his suggestion.

"If we behave as though a calamity had befallen us, people will say, 'Look at the Fleurys. They don't dare hold up their heads in public.' But if you behave normally, if you show that you are not concerned, they'll say, 'What was it all about, after all?'

"I should, for instance, advise you to go to the club this evening. Behave quite naturally. Don't avoid people. At the same time, don't be ostentatious. Don't refer to the article unless someone else does—and you can be very sure they won't. Behave as though nothing had happened."

Maxwell nodded. His father was right. He must face the music. He longed to be avenged. But he must hold himself in check.

Through the window he saw a plane circling the town. It was the plane from B. G. that was bringing back the governor and his son.

Dennis Archer stood beside the runway, waiting to greet the governor. How would the old boy take the news?

Framed in the doorway Archer saw the governor, a Panama hat bound with an I Zingari ribbon set at an angle over his left eye. He looked very spruce and laundered as he came down the steps. Euan was behind him. For Archer the moment had a deep content of dramatic irony.

"Any news?" the governor was inquiring. Archer shook his head. He could not tell him, not at least directly.

It was half past four when they reached G. H. The governor looked at the pile of letters on his desk and hesitated. "Aren't I seeing Carson sometime today?"

"Yes, sir. At half past five."

"Then I'll leave those till afterwards. I'll take a rest. I missed my siesta. What about you, Euan?"

"I'll take one, too."

"Fine. Then I'll see you later."

Archer touched Euan's elbow. He owed it to his own generation to put

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PRACTICAL RESULTS

Student 171/162.—I have sold my story to **EVERYWOMAN** for 25 guineas. *Student* 1106/156.—The **B.B.C.** accepted the script for the Light Programme—fee 9 guineas—after my first lesson! *Student* 141/76.—The article which I wrote for the Second Test Paper appeared in the **SUNDAY MAIL**. Thanks for the recommendation. *Student* 2317/185.—I am pleased to say that my article for Lesson Two has been accepted by the magazine **TRAVEL**. *Student* 2003/1610.—The Course has already borne fruit, for I have sold an article to **PSYCHOLOGY** for 2 guineas. *Student* 1834/159.—. . . together with cheque, which I obtained from the **CHRISTIAN HERALD** for the article which I originally wrote for the Second Test Paper. *Student* 761/2812.—I have just sold my first story to **FAMILY STAR** for 4 guineas, and am I thrilled! *Student* 473/28.—I have had my first short story accepted by the Editor of **HOME REVIEW**. *Student* 1437/217.—. . . on your advice I sent my article with a covering letter to the **LIVERPOOL ECHO** and barely three weeks had elapsed before I had the pleasure of seeing it in print. *Student* 1378/2110.—**GLAMOUR** have paid me 7 guineas for a short story and the **B.B.C.** has accepted a fairy story, to be adapted for the Children's Hour. *Student* 984/227.—I also have to report the sale of a further fairy story to the Co-operative Press, for inclusion in their **SUSSEX'S ANNUAL**, payment 2 guineas. *Student* 1518/69.—**MODERN WOMAN** have paid 5 guineas on acceptance of my article. *Student* 181/282.—You may be interested to hear that yesterday I had a letter from the Editor of the **ARGOSY**—they have offered me 25 guineas for my story. *Student* 2577/3015.—I have had my story accepted by **BLACKWOODS**, who are paying me £25 for it; also one or two others, at smaller rates of course, for service magazines. *Student* 120/28/8.—I have established contact with the Editor of **PUNCH**. The item was accepted for Charivaria and is a good start. *Student* 591/28/7.—I am sure you will be pleased to know that my article submitted for my Second Lesson was published in the **DAILY MIRROR** and I received 6 guineas for same. *Student* 848/129.—I hope you will be as pleased as I am that my article, submitted for Test Paper Two, has been sold, on your advice, to **MEN ONLY**. *Student* 1954/157.—I have just corrected a proof of my story for **WIDE WORLD**—they have since accepted another and I have sent in a third. *Student* 778/2119.—I thought it might interest you to know that **THE COUNTRYMAN** has accepted a short article of mine on an old country custom. *Student* 820/1310. I had 7 guineas for my story, which appeared in **WOMAN'S COMPANION**; I also had an article published recently in **FARMER AND STOCK BREEDER**. *Student* 4135/7150.—I have sold an article to the **COVENTRY EVENING TELEGRAPH** they are sending me a cheque for 3 guineas. *Student* 184/315.—As you suggested, I submitted the article to the **NEW STATESMAN**. One was published on July 17. *Student* 1404/6/5/49.—I am pleased to tell you that the article which I wrote for Test Paper Two and submitted on your recommendation, to **CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER**, was accepted. *Student* 968/226.—The magazine which accepted my story was **RED STAR WEEKLY**—they paid me 4 guineas. *Student* 1173/58.—The article has been accepted by **LONDON OPINION**, having earned 4 guineas. *Student* 1813/173.—My story was published in the June issue of **ARGOSY** and I have just had a letter from the Editor offering me 3 guineas for a second one. *Student* 187/43.—I have sold my first short story prepared for Lesson Eight, to **HOME NOTES** for 12 guineas. *Student* 1906/1387.—I have had an article, about 2,000 words, published by the **WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE**. . . . . .

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Euan on his guard. "Can you spare me a couple of minutes?"

"Certainly."

He took Euan into his office. "You'd better read that," and handed him Bradshaw's article.

He watched Euan closely as he read it.

But Euan was not so imperceptive as Archer had suspected. He went straight to the point.

"Will this make any difference between myself and Jocelyn?"

"I don't see that it should make any difference," Archer said.

"That's what I think. I'd better ring her."

He left Archer and went to the telephone.

Maxwell's voice answered him.

"Is Jocelyn there? This is Euan Templeton."

"Jocelyn's gone out."

"Do you know where?"

"She didn't say."

"When do you expect her back?"

"I've no idea." Maxwell was curt.

Euan hesitated. It might be difficult to ring her later. He wanted to see, to talk to her. Better to leave a message, to make a date after he had discussed it with his father.

"Tell her not to worry. Tell her it's all right," he said. "Tell her that I'll call for her tomorrow and we'll go and swim."

AFTER his interview with the governor, Colonel Carson went straight to the club. He had expected the governor would get to hear about his scene with Leisching. Templeton was right, of course: an apology was expected from him. But it was going to be damned difficult to make, all the same.

The club was fairly full as he entered, but he could not see Doctor Leisching. He went into the bar and ordered a whisky. The liquid was warm against his heart. He forgot that his head was throbbing.

"Another whisky and soda, Joe," he said.

Through the doorway of the card-room a four that had broken up was making its way on to the veranda. Doctor Leisching was among them.

Leisching was standing beside his wife and another couple. Carson walked over, very conscious of his limp. Curious how it became more marked when the wind was in the east. He stood beside the doctor, who was occupied with his discussion.

"But surely you must have recognized that when I discarded the six of clubs. . . ."

He explained his point with Teutonic thoroughness. Carson grew impatient. He couldn't wait here all day. He tapped Leisching on the arm. "I'm sorry, Doctor, to interrupt, but there's something I want to say to you. I behaved very stupidly the other night. I want to apologize. Let's shake hands and have a drink and forget all about it."

He held out his hand, but the hand that he held out was folded round a glass of whisky.

"Now that's funny, isn't it?" he said.

He moved the glass over to his other hand but it slipped, fell to the floor and broke. The clatter silenced instantly every conversation. With his right hand still held out, Carson stared down at the floor, at the broken glass and the trickling liquid.

"I'm very clumsy, aren't I?" he said.

The Austrian smiled. It was his chance and he was not missing it. "No, my friend," he said. "You are not very clumsy, but you are very drunk. It is generous of you to want to make me an apology, but in the condition that you are now in, I am afraid that by tomorrow morning you will have entirely forgotten the whole incident. I shall be in the Jamestown Club tomorrow morning at twelve o'clock and if you would care to make your apology to me there, I shall be delighted to accept it. In the meantime, as a doctor, I should prescribe for you an early retirement."

There was a general tittering laugh. Looking round, Carson had the impression of fifty staring faces turned towards him. They all seemed to be

grinning. He was conscious of nothing but that grin. He felt immensely tired; tired and ill. He turned, and walked out into the night. . . .

At that moment Maxwell Fleury was hurrying with angry strides towards the club. He was roused, belligerent; spoiling for action.

He turned into the road that ran past the police station. At the end of it he saw, in silhouette against a street lamp, a figure walking with a limp. Only one man limped like that, Carson. His temper mounted. Carson, the man who had smoked that cigarette! He was in a mood for the settling of accounts. Here was one that he could settle. He waited at the corner of the unlit lane that led to Carson's house.

"There's something I want to say to you," he said.

"You do? Who are you?"

"Fleury. Maxwell Fleury."

"So you are. What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you alone. There's something that needs settling between us."

"Is there? I can't think what. You'd better come inside."

They walked in silence to Carson's house. . . .

"We'll go in here," said Carson.

He walked ahead of Maxwell into the sitting-room. The college and regimental groups upon the walls fed Maxwell's anger. What chance did he stand against a man like Carson? There was a look on Carson's face that maddened him; a look of superior indifference. How dared Carson look at him like that!

"You leave my wife alone," he snapped.

"Your wife?" An incredulous, puzzled look came into Carson's face.

"Yes, my wife. You needn't think that you've fooled me. I've had my eye on you, sneaking round to the house when I'm not there, thinking yourself so clever. Making the place reek with those fancy cigarettes of yours."

SURPRISED, Carson said, "Are you suggesting that I've been making passes at your wife?"

"I'm not suggesting it, I'm stating it."

"Then you can unstate it, and you can apologize to me right now. I never heard such damned impertinence. I'm not the kind of man who makes passes at the wives of his acquaintances. And even if I were——" He paused, searching for something to say that would be really wounding, sought and found it in the memory of that article in the local paper. "If I were," he said, "I wouldn't be taking the leavings of a man like you, with a tarbrush rubbed across his face."

It was the last coal of fuel on Maxwell's mounting fury. The clenched fist against his side shot out. The blow caught Carson on his cheekbone and he fell spread-eagled on the floor, his arms flung wide. Maxwell leaped down on him, kneeling across him, pinioning each arm beneath a knee, his hands upon his throat; he lifted Carson's head and banged it upon the ground.

"Tarbrush, I'll teach you! Tarbrush, I'll teach you!"

His fingers tightened their hold upon Carson's throat. He was in a trance, unconscious of what his fingers did.

"Tarbrush, I'll teach you! Tarbrush, I'll teach you!"

Slowly he came out of his trance. His fingers felt cramped. He stretched them, and the lifeless head fell back. He stared at it. Carson's eyes were slightly open, but they were glazed. The person whom he had known as Carson was no longer there.

To be continued next week

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 39

CUTTING-IN in the face of oncoming traffic is such a risky practice on the road that it almost invariably amounts to dangerous driving, says a barrister-at-law. Whether or not it leads to an accident, it is dangerous—and therefore illegal. The maximum penalty is a £100 fine *and* two years in prison.

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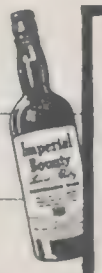

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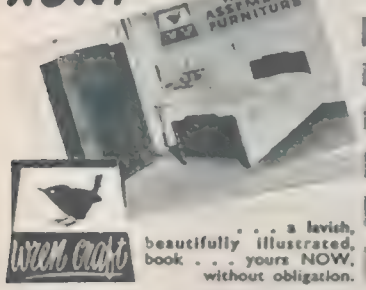

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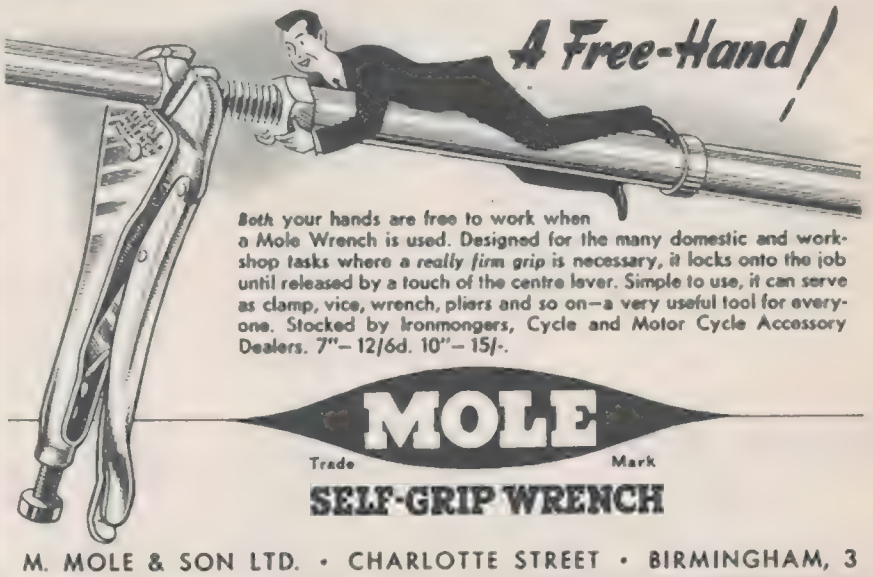

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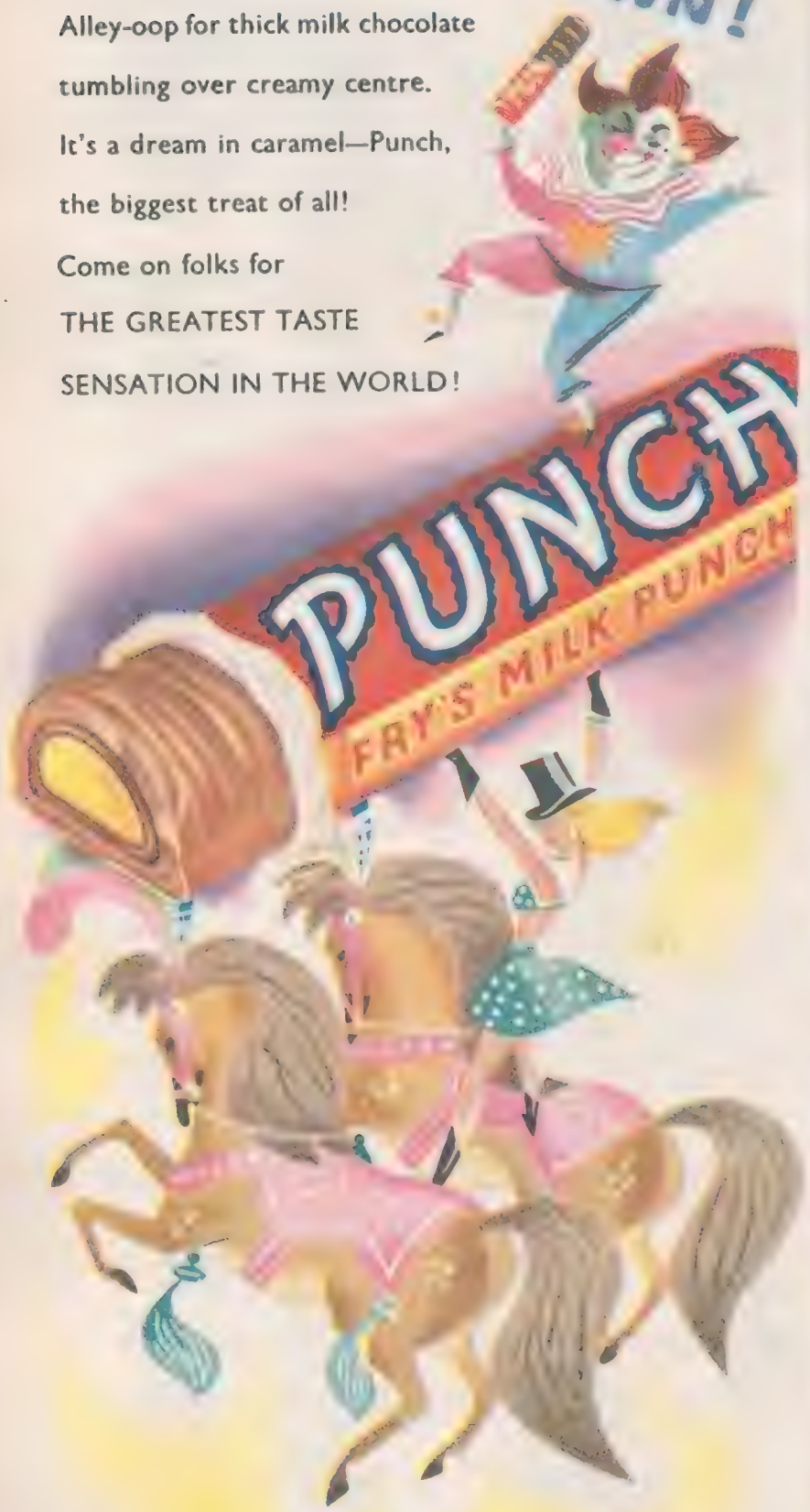

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Frosted Party Gâteau

Here's a grand welcome for your party guests – a rich, delicious gâteau made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine, rum flavoured and coated with swirling chocolate icing.

GATEAU : 2 heaped tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons hot water, 8 oz. Stork Margarine, 10 oz. castor sugar, 4 eggs, 8 oz. self-raising flour (sieved), 2 tablespoons milk.

FILLING : 6 heaped tablespoons redcurrant jelly, 5 tablespoons rum *or* 3 tablespoons water flavoured with rum essence.

ICING : 4 oz. plain dessert chocolate, 6 oz. Stork Margarine, 1 lb. sieved icing sugar, 4 dessertspoons rum *or* milk flavoured with rum essence, 1 oz. thinly sliced Brazil nuts, party decorations, icing sugar for dusting, 8-inch silver or gold cake board.

Blend cocoa and water. Cool. Cream Stork and sugar. Beat in cocoa, then eggs, one at a time, with a little flour. Fold in remaining flour and milk. Place in two 8-inch greased sandwich tins, 1½" deep, with rounds of greaseproof paper inside. Bake 35-40 mins. on middle shelf of moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F). Cool. Cut open. Sandwich all together with well-whisked filling. *Icing:* Melt chocolate. Cool. Cream Stork and half icing sugar. Beat in chocolate, then remaining icing sugar and liquid. Attach cake to board with icing. Ice all over, swirling with palette knife. Sprinkle top with nuts, and all over with icing sugar. Decorate.

–Made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine!

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JSC 439-1296

The Long Walk

Continued from page 21

success of the operation. We were to carry the last of this food into the Gobi Desert with us.

Not so pleasant was the experience of a day or two later. The time was afternoon when the hot sun in a vast blue sky was beginning its long decline to the west. Marchinkovas pointed out a couple of miles ahead a great brown moving cloud and asked what it could be. Not one of us could enlighten him. There was no doubt that it was moving and I thought it might be a dust storm, except that the air was barely agitated by the lightest of breezes. This thing was covering ground rapidly, getting larger and larger as we looked.

"It's a locust swarm," Mister Smith called out suddenly. "It's no good walking into it. We'd better stop here."

We sat down on the hard-baked earth, slipping our jackets on and covering our heads with food sacks. The glare of the sun was blotted out as the locust myriads reached us. We turned our backs to them and huddled down. We could hear them striking our clothes. They were all over us, around us and above us. The air was alive with the throbbing hum of their beating wings.

"Thank God they can't eat us," said Zaro.

"I wouldn't be too sure about that," answered the American. "They'll eat almost anything."

Kristina turned a worried face to him. "I am only joking, child," he reassured her.

It took at least two hours for the swarm to pass over us. The sun shone through again and the casualties of the great migration littered the ground about us. Some were moving, others appeared to be dead. We shook them in dozens from our clothes. They had found their way into our pockets, up our sleeves, inside our trouser legs. One consolation was that they had not got into the precious small store of dried fish in our food sacks.

OUR entry into the Gobi Desert was not an abrupt transition. Twice we thought we were in it as we traversed long sandy stretches, but on each occasion a range of fairly tall hills intervened. At the foot of the second range there was the boon of a shallow, sandy rivulet, beside which we camped for the night. That was our last drink of fresh water for a long, long time, for soon after we were striding into the Gobi's burning wastes. None of us then knew the hell we were to meet. . . .

Two days without water in the hillocky, sand-covered furnace of the Gobi and I felt the first flutterings of fear. The first resplendent rays of the sun rising over the rim of the world dispersed the sharp chill of the desert night. The day's first light hit the tops of the billowing dunes and threw sharp shadows across the deep-sanded floors of the intervening little valleys. Fear came with small fast-beating wings and was suppressed as we sucked pebbles and dragged our feet on to make maximum distance before the blinding heat of noon.

From time to time one of us would climb one of the countless knolls and look south to see the same deadly landscape stretching to the horizon. Towards midday we stuck our long clubs in the sand and draped our jackets over them to make a shelter. Alarm about our position must have been general but nobody voiced it. My own feeling was that we must not frighten the girl, and I am sure the others kept silent for the same reason.

The heat enveloped us, sucking the moisture from our bodies, putting ankle-irons of lethargy about our legs. Each one of us walked with his or her own thoughts and none spoke, dully concentrating on placing one foot ahead of the other interminably. Most often I led the way, Kolemenos and the girl nearest to me and the others bunched together a few yards behind. I was driving them now, making them get to their feet in the mornings, forcing them to shorten the noon rest.

As we still walked in the rays of the setting sun the fear hit me again. It was, of course, the fundamental, most oppressive fear of all—that we should die here in the burning wilderness. I struggled against a panicky impulse to urge a return the way we had come, back to water and green things and life. I fought it down.

We flopped out against a tall dune and the cold stars came out to look at us. Our bone-weariness should have ensured the sleep of exhaustion but, tortured with thirst, one after another we twisted restlessly, rose, wandered around and came back.

The severely rationed dried fish gave out on about the fifth day and still we faced a lifeless horizon. In all this arid world only eight struggling human specks and an occasional snake were alive. We could have ceased to move quite easily and lain there and died. The temptation to extend the noonday halt, to go on dozing through the hot afternoon until the sun dropped out of sight, invited our dry, aching bodies.

Our feet were in a pitiable state as the burning sand struck the thin soles of our worn moccasins. I found myself croaking at my companions to get up and keep going. There is nothing here, I would say. And there is nothing for days behind us. Ahead there must be something. There must be *something*.

On the sixth day the girl stumbled and, on her knees, looked up at me. "That was foolish of me, Slav. I tripped myself up." She rose slowly from the sand and stepped out beside me. That afternoon I found to my faint surprise and irritation that I was on my knees. I had not been conscious of the act of falling. One moment I was walking, the next I had stopped. On my knees, I thought . . . like a man at prayer. I got up. Nobody had slackened pace for me. They probably hardly noticed my stumble. It seemed to take me a very long time to regain my position at the head again.

Others were falling, too, I noticed from time to time. The knees gave and they knelt there for a few unbelieving seconds until the realization came that they had ceased to be mobile. They came on again. There was no dropping out. These were the signs of growing, strength-sapping weakness, but it would have been fatal to have acknowledged them for what they were. They were the probing fingers of death, but we were not yet ready to die.

The sun rose on the seventh day in a symphony of suffused pinks and gold. Already we had been plodding forward for an hour in the pale light of the false dawn, and dully I looked at Kristina and the other shambling figures behind me and was struck with the unconquerable spirit of them all. Progress now was a shuffle: the effort to pick up the feet was beyond our strength.

Without much hope we watched Kolemenos climb laboriously to the top of a high mound. Somebody did this every morning as soon as the light was sufficient to give clear visibility southwards to the horizon.

He stood there for quite a minute with his hand to his eyes, and we kept walking, expecting the usual hopeless shrug of the shoulders. But Kolemenos made no move to come down, and because he was staring intently in one direction, a few degrees to the east of our course, I dragged to a stop. I felt Kristina's hand lightly on my arm. She, too, was gazing up at Kolemenos.

Everybody halted. We saw him rub his eyes, shake his head slowly and resume his intent peering in the same direction, eyes screwed up. I wanted to shout to him, but stayed quiet. Instead I started to climb up to him. Zaro and the girl came with me. Behind came the American and Marchinkovas. The two Poles, Paluchowicz and Makowski, leaned on their clubs and watched us go.

As I reached Kolemenos I was telling myself, "It will be nothing. I must not get excited. It surely can't be anything."

KOLEMENOS made no sound. He flung out his right arm and pointed. My sight blurred over. For some seconds I could not focus. I did what I had seen Kolemenos do. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. There was *something*, a dark patch against the light sand. It might have been five miles distant from us. Through the dancing early morning haze it was shapeless and defied recognition. Excitement grew as we looked. We began to talk, to speculate. Panting and blowing, the two Poles came up to us. They, too, located the thing.

"Could it be an animal?" asked the sergeant.

"Whatever it is, it is not sand," Mister Smith replied. "Let's go and investigate."

It took us a good two hours to make the intervening distance. Many times we lost sight of the thing we sought as we plunged along in the sandy depressions. We climbed more often than we would otherwise have done because we could not bear the idea that somehow the smudge on the landscape might disappear while we were cut off from view of it. It began to take shape and definition and hope began to well up in us. And hope became certainty. There were *trees*—real, live, growing, healthy trees, in a clump, outlined against the sand like a blob of ink on a fresh-laundered tablecloth.

"Where there are trees there is water," said the American.

"An oasis!" somebody shouted, and the word fluttered from mouth to mouth.

Kristina whispered, "It is a miracle. God has saved us."

If we could have run we would have done so. We toiled that last half mile

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The Tudor soldiers came to Lindisfarne, and built a castle where the saints had prayed

IN the year 635, Aidan, a poor and holy monk, was told to found a bishopric in the kingdom of the savage and heathen Northumbrians. Searching for a site for his cathedral, he crossed the treacherous spit of sand that connects the island of Lindisfarne to the mainland. His search was over.

St. Aidan was a great missionary, and the first of sixteen bishops to rule the see till it was overrun by the invading Danes. The greatest of his successors was St. Cuthbert, who was a shepherd boy on the Lammermoors when he saw stars fall from the sky on the night of Aidan's death. He was convinced that he had seen Aidan's body being borne to heaven by angels and determined to become a monk.

In 664, Cuthbert became Prior of Lindisfarne. He served the monastery for twelve years; then he exiled himself to one of the loneliest of the Farne Islands to the south-east. There he passed nine years in meditation until persuaded to return to Lindisfarne as bishop.

After two years he was allowed to cross the water back to his island cell.

"When shall you come back?" one of the monks asked him.

"When you bring my body hither," said Cuthbert. He died three months later, and was brought back to Lindisfarne for burial.

In the Middle Ages there was a Benedictine priory on Lindisfarne, and in Edward VI's day—at a time when the Scots were allied to the French—the engineers were directed to "view the place by the church, what hill or grounds were mete for fortification there." A site was chosen, and stone from the priory was used to build Lindisfarne Castle.

The castle lost its strategic significance when James VI of Scotland became king of England in 1603. It was in decay when Edward Hudson, antiquary and journalist, came upon it by chance fifty years ago and decided to make it his home.

Hudson was a friend of Lutyens, the famous architect, and they worked together for six years to transform the solid Tudor blockhouse into what has been described as an "engagingly romantic pocket castle."

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TWO ways of delighting your family with freshly cooked vegetable soup

Read KATHLEEN RICHARDS' hints and tips on next page

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Advertisement

by KATHLEEN RICHARDS

About soup! Every country has its own special know-how. The Dutch make a thick pea soup that's a meal in itself. In France they have a family onion soup that keeps generations of Frenchmen happy and healthy. And from the States comes that chicken noodle that's been a top favourite there for the past fifteen years. And what's more you can carry all of them in your handbag if you want to—which is why I call this 'Handbag Cookery'. I think you'll find this good news—but don't thank me—thank Batchelors for putting these overseas specialities in packs, for you and me to cook ourselves.

LEKKER!

That's what they say in Holland when something tastes good. And Batchelors Thick Pea Soup certainly does, or I'm a Dutchwoman! This heart-warming soup full of nourishment makes the ideal prelude to good fare.

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OKAY!

Well, the Americans should know. America's the home of Chicken Noodle Soup and Batchelors is a home from home. 'Taste that chicken!' the advertisements say—and that is just what you do. Watch the children's faces as they see the oodles of noodles. Watch anyone's face as they taste that chicken!

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as fast as we could flog our legs along. I went sprawling a few times. My tongue was dry and swollen in my mouth. The trees loomed larger and I saw that they were palms. In their shade was a sunken hollow, roughly oval, and I knew that this must be water.

A few hundred yards from the oasis we crossed an east-west caravan track. On the fringe of the trees we passed an incongruous pile of what seemed to be rusting biscuit tins, like some fantastic mid-desert junk yard. In the last twenty yards we managed a lope that was very near a run.

The trees, a dozen or more of them, were arranged in a crescent on the south side of the pool, and threw their shadow over it for most part of the day. The wonderful cool water lay still and inviting in an elliptical depression hemmed round with big, rough-worked stones. At this time, probably the hottest season, the limits of the water had receded inwards from the stone ring, and we had to climb over to reach it. The whole, green, life-giving spot could have been contained inside half-an-acre.

Zaro had the mug, but we could not wait for him to fill it and hand it round. We lay over the water lapping at it and sucking it in like animals. We allowed it to caress our fevered faces. We dabbed it around our necks. We drank until someone uttered the warning about filling our empty bellies with too much liquid. Then we soaked our food sacks and, sitting on the big stones, gently laved our cracked and lacerated feet.

For blissful minutes we sat with the wet sacking draped about our feet. With a mugful of water at a time we rinsed from our heads and upper bodies some of the accumulated sand and dust of the six and a half days of travel. The very feel and presence of water was an ecstasy. Our spirits zoomed. We had walked out of an abyss of fear into life and new hope. We chatted and laughed as though the liquid we had drunk was heady champagne.

The full extent of our good fortune remained to be discovered. Some twenty yards east of the pool, on the opposite side from which we had appeared, there were the remains of a still-warm fire and the fresh tracks of camels and many hoof marks, telling of the recent halt of a big caravan. It had probably departed at sunrise.

These men, whoever they were, had cooked and eaten meat, and the bones, as yet quite fresh and untainted, were scattered around the wood ashes. They were the bones of one large and one small animal and the meat had been sliced from them with knives, leaving small, succulent pieces still adhering. We shared out the bones and tore at them with our teeth, lauding our luck. When there was no more meat we cracked each bone with the axe and sucked out the marrow.

For two or three hours during the heat of the afternoon we lay stretched out near the water under the blessed shade of the palms. Kolemenos, who had that rare gift of complete relaxation in any situation, snored with his arms behind his head and his cap pulled down over one eye. The sun's rays began to slant and I came out of a sleep that was haunted by blazing light and never-ending desert. I picked up the mug, climbed over the stones, scooped up water and drank again. The American stood up, stretched and joined me. Soon we were all up and about.

Zaro moved away. "I'm going to have a look at that pile of tins," he called back. "Maybe we'll find one we can carry water in."

The puzzle of that dump of civilized junk in the heart of the south Gobi must remain unsolved. There were about a hundred of the box-like metal containers and they had been there so long that, even in the dry air of that place, they had rusted beyond use.

That night we made a low-walled shelter from the tins, searched around for small pieces of wood and lit a fire. I lay awake trying to decide how long we should remain in this place, but the answer would not come. Sleep, when

it did come, was dreamless and complete. I opened my eyes, according to the habit of the desert, about an hour before dawn. Zaro was already pottering around, tugging tentatively at the free end of a coil of wire that he had found on the dump.

A conference developed about that length of wire. We just could not bring ourselves to leave such a treasure behind. We spent hours of that day cutting off about four-foot lengths, turning the ends into hooks and making loops which could be slung around the neck.

Inevitably came the question of when to depart. Two of our problems were insoluble. The oasis had water but no food. We had nothing in which to carry water, except our metal mug. Makowski argued that if we waited here a few days we stood a chance of meeting a caravan and securing ourselves a stock of food for the next stage. But I wanted to go. I said that as we had just missed one caravan there might not be another for weeks.

In the light of what was to come, I hope I may be forgiven for my insistence. Yet I think that I may have been right. And there is no way of judging the issue now, nor was there then. We were in desperate straits and we had to decide one way or the other.

We decided late that evening. We would set out before dawn.

When the sun came up we were on our way, and for half a day we could look back and see the trees of the oasis. I was glad when I could no longer see their smudge against the skyline. For hours Zaro carried the mug, one hand underneath, the other over the top. He had filled it with water after we had all taken our final drinks, and as he walked it slopped warm against his palm and little trickles escaped down the sides.

When we halted at midday he had lost nearly half the quantity through spillage and evaporation and was complaining about the cramping of his arms in holding so tightly to the can. So, very carefully, sitting up under the small shade of our jackets slung over our clubs, we handed the water round and disposed of it a sip at a time.

This was the pre-oasis journey all over again, but this time we were deprived of even the scant sustenance of a few dried fish. For the first three days we moved surprisingly well.

Early on the fourth day the inescapable, strength-draining heat began quite suddenly to take its toll. Stumbles and falls became increasingly frequent, the pace slowed, speech dried up into short, grunted phrases. I remember Makowski saying: "Hell can't be hotter than this terrible desert."

On the fifth day, Kristina went to her knees. I turned slowly round to look at her, expecting her to get to her feet as she had done before. She remained kneeling, her fair head bowed down on her chest. She was very still. Before we could reach her she slumped forward, her face in the sand. We turned her on her back. She was unconscious. I opened the neck of her dress and started talking to her, gently shaking her, while Mister Smith set to with sticks and *fufaikas* to make a shelter from the sun.

She came to her senses quickly. She looked at our anxious faces, sat up, smiled through split lips and said: "I feel better now. I must have fallen over—I don't know how it happened."

"Don't worry," I consoled her. "We'll rest here a while."

She leaned forward and lightly patted the back of my hand. "I won't fall down again."

We sat there a while. Kristina reached down to scratch her ankle, and my eyes idly followed her hand. The ankle was swollen so that the skin pressed outwards against the narrow-fitting hem of the leg of her trousers.

"Has anything bitten you, Kristina?"

"No, Slav. Why?"

"Your leg looks swollen."

She pulled up the trouser leg and looked, turning her foot about. "I hadn't noticed it before," she said.

We struggled on for a couple more hours. She seemed to be refreshed. Then she fell again, and this time her knees buckled and her face hit the sand in almost one movement.

We turned her over again and wiped away the sand which had been forced into her nose and mouth. We put up the shelter. She lay with eyes closed, breathing in harsh gasps through her mouth. I looked at her ankles and they were a pitiful sight. Both had so swelled and discoloured that it seemed they would burst the restricting legs of the trousers. I took out my knife and slit the cloth upwards. The skin appeared to be distended by water right up to the knees. I touched the swelling and the mark of my fingers remained for some seconds.

Kristina was unconscious for an hour while we tried to stifle our gnawing anxiety with banalities like: "It must be just a touch of sunstroke." I had a feeling like lead in the pit of my stomach. I was frightened.

SUCCESS—5

Success covers a multitude of blunders.

Bernard Shaw

She was quite cheerful when she came round. "I am becoming a nuisance," she said. "What can be the matter with me?" We fussed around her.

Kristina got to her feet. "Come on. We are wasting time."

I walked alongside her. She stopped suddenly and glanced down at her legs, her attention attracted by the flapping of slit trousers about her legs.

"My legs are getting quite thick, Slav."

"Do they hurt you, Kristina?"

"No, not at all. They must be swelling because I have walked so far."

The time was afternoon on the fifth day. She walked on for hours without more than an occasional small stumble and was still keeping up with Kolemenos and I when the sun had gone and we stopped for the night. Sitting there among us she stole frequent looks at her legs. She said nothing and we affected not to notice.

It was a disturbed night. Kristina lay still, but I sensed that she stayed awake. I chewed on the pebble in my mouth. My teeth ached, my gums were enlarged and tender. Thoughts of flowing water constantly invaded my mind. I had little fits of shivering that made me stand up and walk around.

For the first two hours of the sixth day the air was cool and walking was as pleasant as ever it can be in the desert. But soon the sun began to blaze down at us. I took Kristina's elbow. "Can you keep going in this?"

"Yes, I think so."

Five minutes later she had folded up and was out, face down in the sand. Again we ministered to her and waited for her to open her eyes.

I stood a few steps away from her

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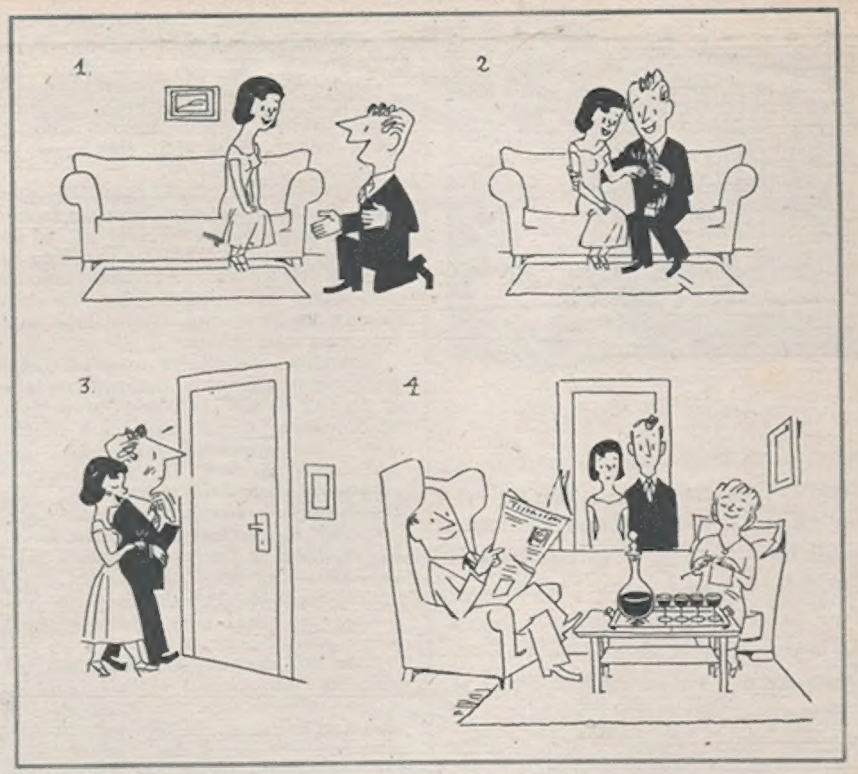
RESULT OF DECEMBER 24 CONTEST

Best entries were those bearing phrases allocated thus:—

A1, B10, C3, D16, E9, F13, G7, H14, J12, K4, L6, M2, N5, O11, P15, Q8

For these entries the following 13 readers share the Cash Prize of £100, each of whom receive a cheque for £7.13.11d.

H. Cale, c/o Snodgrass, Kenmure St., Glasgow, S.1; M. Gilhooly, Henderson St., Lochgelly, Fife; Mrs. M. Goodsham, Moor Lane, Newby, Scarborough; R. C. Henry, Chatwood Avenue, Liverpool, 23; Miss P. Hermanns, Bonneville Gardens, S.W.4; C. Hill, Victoria Place, Easton, Portland, Dorset; T. W. Sidwell, Sunny Bank, Donisthorpe Lane, Moira, Burton-on-Trent; D. Skudder, Trethowel, St. Austell, Cornwall; Mrs. D. G. Spencer, Stevenage Road, Walkern, Stevenage; Mrs. D. J. Thomson, Mercury Terrace, St. Cyrus, Montrose, Angus; L. J. Webb, Clements Gardens, Hayes, Middx.; Miss J. Whiteford, Woodview Terrace, Hamilton; G. J. Willets, Lyndhurst Rd., Heath Hayes, Cannock.



and the others came over to me. "She is very swollen," I said. "Do any of you know what that means?" Nobody knew the symptoms. We went back to her and waited. I flapped my bag over her face to make some air.

She smiled at us. "I am being a trouble again." We shook our heads. "I am afraid you had better leave me this time."

We all broke into protest at once. Kolemenos dropped down on his knees beside her. "Don't say that.. Don't be a silly little girl. We shall never leave you." She lay there for another half an hour, and when she tried to force herself upon her elbows she fell back again.

We lifted her to her feet. "I can walk if you stay near me," she said.

Amazingly, she walked, Kolemenos and I lightly holding her elbows. After a quarter of a mile we felt her start to fall forward. We steadied her and she went on again. She pulled herself erect and there was not a sound of distress, not a whimper.

The next time she slumped forward we could not hold her. She had played herself utterly out and even the gallant will in that frail body could not produce another torturing effort.

"Stick beside me, Slav," said Kolemenos. "I am going to carry her." And he lifted her into his arms, swayed for a moment as he adjusted himself to the weight, and staggered off. He carried her for fully two hundred yards and I was there to ease her down when he paused for rest.

"Please leave me, Anastazi," she begged. "You are wasting your strength." He looked at her, but could not bring himself to speak.

We made a shelter there and stayed for perhaps three hours through the worst heat of the day. She lay still—I do not think she could move. The ugly swelling was past the knees and heavy with water. Kolemenos was flat on his back, restoring his strength. He knew what he was going to do.

The sun began to decline. Kolemenos bent down and swung her into his arms and trudged off. I stayed with him and the rest were all about us.

He covered fully a quarter of a mile before he put her down that first time. He picked her up again and walked, her head pillowed on his great shoulder. I can never in my life see anything so magnificent as the blond-bearded giant Kolemenos carrying Kristina, hour after hour, towards darkness of that awful sixth day. His ordeal lasted some four hours. Then she touched his cheek.

"Put me to the ground, Anastazi. Just lay me down on the ground."

I took her weight from him and together we eased her down. We gathered round her. A wisp of a smile hovered about the corners of her mouth. She looked very steadily at each one of us in turn and I thought she was going to speak. Her eyes were clear and very blue. There was a great tranquillity about her. She closed her eyes.

"She must be very tired," said Sergeant Paluchowicz. "The poor, tired little girl. . . ."

We stood around for several minutes, dispirited and at a loss to know what to do next. The shoulders of Kolemenos were sagging with exhaustion. We exchanged glances, but could think of nothing to say. I looked down at Kristina. I looked at the open neck of her dress, and in a second I was down at her side with my ear over her heart. There was no beat. I did not believe it. I turned my head and applied the other ear. I lifted my head and picked up her thin wrist. There was no pulse. They were all looking at me intently. I dropped her hand and it thumped softly into the sand.

The American spoke, hardly above a whisper. I tried to answer, but the words would not come. Instead the tears came, the bitter salt tears. And the sobs were torn from me. In that God-forsaken place seven men cried openly because the thing most precious to us in all the world had been taken from us. Kristina was dead.

I THINK we were half crazy there beside her body in the desert. We accused ourselves of having brought her here to her death. More personally, Makowski, speaking in Polish, blamed me for having insisted on leaving the shelter of the oasis.

The American intervened, his voice cold and flat. "Gentlemen, it is no use blaming ourselves. I think she was happy with us." The talk ceased. He went on: "Let us now give her a decent burial."

We scraped a hole in the sand at the base of a dune. I slit open a food sack and laid the double end gently under her chin. We lowered the body. On her breast lay her little crucifix. We stood around with our caps in our hands. There was no service, but each man spoke a prayer in his own language. Mister Smith spoke in English, the first time I had heard him use it. I opened out the sacking and lifted it over her face, and I could not see for tears. We covered her with sand and we dotted the mound round with little stones.

Then Kolemenos took her tall stick and chopped a piece off it with his axe and bound the one piece to the other with a leather thong to make a cross.

So we said goodbye to her and went our empty way.

NEXT WEEK: We eat snakes in the desert to stay alive

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Age We Live In	On Her Head
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To The Devil	In The Same Boat
Russia's Game	Softening-up Process
Merchant Of Death	That Whistle
Unwanted And Forgotten	Shooting A Line
In A Space Suit	It's Moving Day, So

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

The .....Union	"Any Old .....?"
.....In The Dark	Wow Of A .....
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EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

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B.

EX. ..... |6d.

B

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

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For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Further 25 prizes of £1 and 100 of 10s. have been posted, also awards to sharers of £25 Jackpot.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated March 17), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 3, for early news of No. 2,026 result.)

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